FEBRUARY 28, 1983
TIME
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ECONOMIC OUTLOOK
The Worst Is Over
ROYALTY VS. THE PRESS
NAFF OFF!
Anne tells the Pre
Last year two huge Bournes and Whitleys were biggest recently w
Clearly
MARGARET
PHILI
DAILY MIRROR, Friday, April 23, 1982
Rumours of an impending marriag have been greatly exaggerated
CONCERN FOR DI'S HEALTH
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DIANA: 'LEAVE HER ALON
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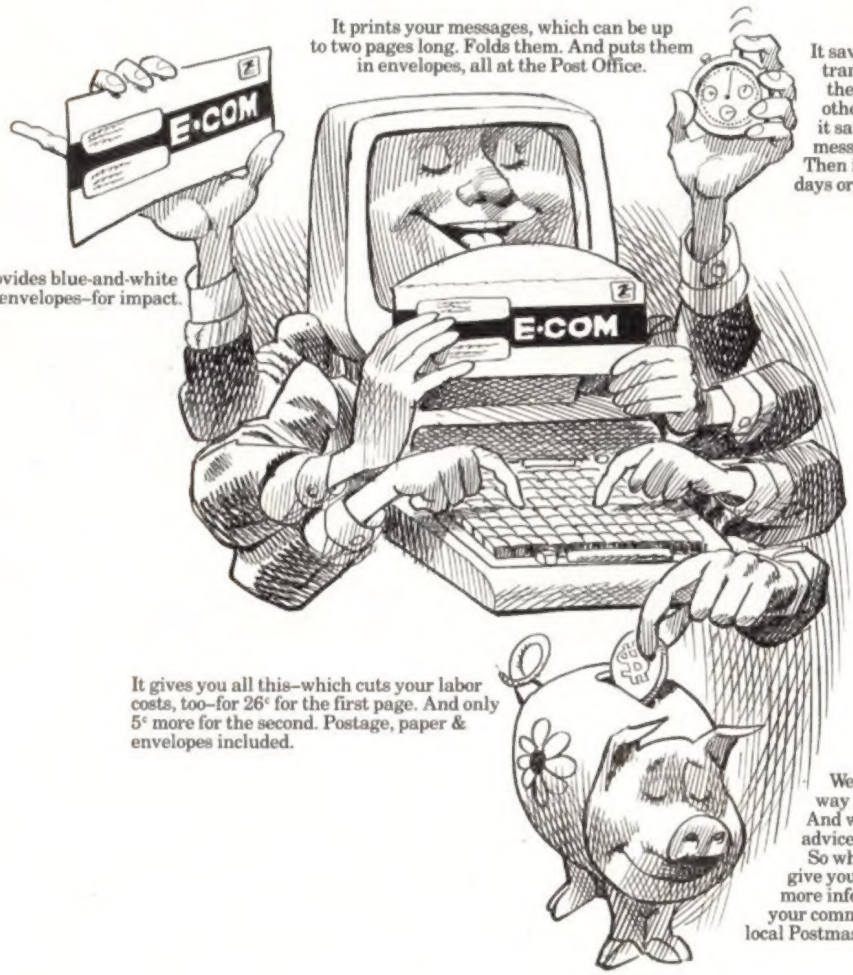

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FEBRUARY 28, 1983 Vol. 121 No. 9

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

On the eve of Queen Elizabeth's fifth visit to the U.S., relations between the British royal family and London's tabloid press were showing signs of strain, as this week's cover story, written by Contributor John Skow, attests. By contrast, the British monarchy has enjoyed a favorable press in the U.S. ever since 1860, when Prince Edward, Queen Victoria's eldest son, visited the nation that had repudiated his family's rule. Edward's great-granddaughter Elizabeth and great-great-grandson Charles seem to have inherited his ability to evoke the admiration of Americans. Those with immediate experience of that talent include London Bureau Chief Bonnie Angelo, who reported on the meticulous preparations for the latest royal trip. She covered the Queen's second visit to the U.S., in 1957. "Following her," Angelo recalls, "I gained lasting respect for her never-wilt stamina and serenity. Thirteen years later, I reported the first visit of Prince Charles and Princess Anne to Washington. I could see in Charles the same skill in putting the awestruck at ease."

Correspondent Mary Cronin did her first serious royal-watching 20 months ago, when she covered the wedding of the Prince of Wales and Lady Diana Spencer. It was elegant theater, and Cronin's four years as TIME's New York–based Show Business correspondent qualified her to appreciate the performance. Later that year she followed the young royal couple's first official tour, to Wales. Says Cronin of that road show: "It gave me a hint of the energy and persistence one needs to gather information on a royal family preserving the aura of the kings and queens of old." For this week's cover, Cronin learned even more about perseverance by watching the watchers of the royals. "The Fleet Street reporters and photographers are a breed unto themselves," she reports, "devilishly competitive, clever and professional. The chase and the 'hit' [scoop] get their blood up." Cronin, who journeyed from Buckingham Palace to Acapulco last week in pursuit of the royal family, finds her fellow reporters' zeal, if not their perfervid imaginations, infectious. Says she: "I felt myself wanting a fast car with a two-way radio so that I could join the global game of royal-watching, careening over icy alpine roads, slithering through steaming jungles, hiring helicopters and speedboats to find my elusive royal prey."

PETER JORDAN

Royal-Watcher Mary Cronin at Buckingham Palace

John a. Meyer

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Cover: Photograph by Tim Graham—Sygma

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A split second. A fraction of an inch. A Grand Prix

Mobil Grand Prix

No wonder the air will be charged with electricity in New York's Madison Square Garden Friday night, February 25. A split second or a hairline fraction of an inch could make history. A world record could be smashed in the time it takes to wink. A new hero could emerge on the athletic scene.

This is the essence of the USA/Mobil Indoor Track and Field Championships and Grand Prix. Since their founding last year, the Grand Prix finals have become the culmination of the short, thrill-laden indoor season. And for good reason: It brings to one arena, for a few action-packed hours, many of the stars who will represent the U.S. (and some other countries) in the 1984 Olympic Games. It is here that they will set the pace to which all others will aspire in future competition.

Consider Billy Olson who, so far this season, has broken the world indoor record for the pole vault three times, soaring 19 feet, ¼ inch across the bar. Or Eamonn Coghlan, the man who ran the indoor mile faster than any other human—in 3 minutes, 50.6 seconds. Then there's Evelyn Ashford who owns two indoor records: the 50-yard sprint in 5.77 seconds, achieved just this season, and the 60-yard dash in 6.54 seconds, set in last year's indoor championships. And Carl Lewis, that all-around athlete who will compete in both the 60-yard dash and long jump. He holds world indoor records in both: 6.02 seconds in the dash and 28 feet, 1 inch in the jump. And Mark Enyeart, whose 600-meter run in one minute, 16.91 seconds established a new record this season.

Will new marks be set at the finals? Nobody knows. But one thing is certain. These and other competitors will try, not only for their places in athletic history, but also for the $150,000 in prize money donated by Mobil. The money is to be awarded to their sponsoring organizations in conformance with the amateur rules of The Athletics Congress, with which we are proud to collaborate in the staging of the Grand Prix finals. It was during the 14 preceding meets that the leaders amassed Grand Prix points in the 25 grueling categories toward the final night's crowning events. And crownings there will be. Not just the top man and woman performer, but prize money for the leading five men and women, as well as for the top achievers in each of the 25 designated events.

Will it be thrilling? Of that we're sure. Nothing could tingle the senses more than the hairbreadth finishes which determine the outcome.

Even if you can't get to the Garden, you can still see the two hours of coverage on PBS, in a telecast also underwritten by Mobil. (Check listings for time and channel.)

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Letters

Winds of War

To the Editors:

First there was *Roots*, then *Shōgun*, and now *The Winds of War* [Feb. 7]. It is great to see a major network willing to risk $40 million to produce quality programming. My hat goes off to ABC for bringing history into our living rooms.

Stewart S. Dixon Jr.
Lake Forest, Ill.

The picture of Robert Mitchum as he appears on your cover represents the finest example of how a military officer should look!

Laurence N. Freeman
Houston

In 34 years of naval service, I have never seen a naval officer with his coat collar turned up like a journalist's. Pug also should have been wearing a white silk scarf. Otherwise it was a nice shot of Mitchum.

Kemp Tolley
Rear Admiral, U.S.N. (ret.)
Monkton, Md.

Your review spared me 18 hours of boredom.

William C. Singleman
Newburgh, N.Y.

We hate war whether it is fought for religious or political reasons or whether it is hot or cold. Why, then, do we have to have special movies about it on TV?

James T. Nance
Fort Worth

Mid-Term Message

President Reagan's State of the Union address [Feb. 7] shows that he has the courage of the public's convictions.

Leonard Greenberg
Reston, Va.

The President's speech brings to mind all those "light at the end of the tunnel" talks we heard about the Viet Nam War. Then, as now, people were suffering in the meantime.

Harry Lenhart
Saginaw, Mich.

President Reagan's remark about abolishing corporate income taxes, though retracted, reveals his shallow knowledge of economics as well as his personal bias toward the rich. With the nation suffering severe unemployment, he questions the justification for taxing corporations instead of proposing a constructive jobs program. Many companies already have an excessive concentration of wealth. Without corporate income taxes, the situation would become worse.

Edward L. Page
Alexandria, Va.

Increasing taxes is one sure way to depress further the already weak economy and abort the incipient recovery. Taxing yourself out of a recession is like trying to borrow yourself out of debt. The result of more and higher taxes will be reduced revenues and even greater deficits. Additional tax cuts will do far more to stimulate the recovery.

Ray Cripps
Dallas

In your article "New Tactics at Half Time" [Jan. 31] you state that the President can crow with justification because 1982's 3.9% rate of inflation is the smallest since 1972. This questionable achievement represents use of a longstanding option available to every American President, to control inflation by running the economy into recession. Thus recession, which mainly hurts the unemployed, has been substituted for inflation, which affects individuals in nearly every income category. One wonders what the future will bring as this shortsighted philosophy is applied to the full range of our social problems.

Stephen C. Casler
Allegheny College
Meadville, Pa.

Standing Pat

In the Essay "Consistency as a Minor Virtue" [Feb. 7] you apparently revere mutability as one of the most valuable aspects of the human mind and character. Ronald Reagan was elected by millions of Americans like me largely because of his avowed principles and the unwavering stand that he had demonstrated in supporting them. We still have tremendous social and economic problems in this country, but least among the causes is the President's consistency.

Laura A. Branch
Tarrytown, N.Y.

Lily-White Cicero

Your article on racial discrimination in Cicero, Ill. [Feb. 7], made me question how much progress this country has made toward achieving justice for all. What have 2,000 years of Christian principles achieved if such bigotry and ignorance can persist? It is particularly distressing to see prejudice among people whose East European ancestors came to this country in search of the freedom and opportunity they now deny others.

James S. Borland Jr.
St. Paul

Do those third-generation Americans in Cicero realize that those "colored people" and those "slant-eyed people" are probably fifth- and sixth-generation Americans?

Laverte McDonald
Sioux City, Iowa

Why is Cicero being singled out as a racist town? There are certainly suburbs throughout the U.S. where blacks are excluded. Cicero is probably one of the few places where discrimination is not well hidden.

Roxy Fair
Milwaukee

The Polish-American welder who stated, "I'll stand it [black infiltration] as long as I can, and then leave Cicero if I have to," is ignorant of the situation in the rest of the country. Where will he find another city devoid of blacks?

Stacee Cooper
Dallas

It is ironic that an American community of East European lineage should overtly prevent other hard-working Americans from becoming good neighbors of equal status. The citizens of Cicero should contemplate where they would be today if their grandparents had been denied entrance into the U.S. because they were Czechs, Poles or Yugoslavs.

Bradford E. Lang
Lafayette, Ind.

Borg's Exit

Bjorn Borg was a much needed counterbalance to the infantile personalities that seem to dominate the male side of tennis [Feb. 7]. Win or lose, Borg could be counted on to be gracious and dignified. He added both class and style to his sport.

Irene Kozlowski
Chicago

Borg is lucky to have accomplished his life's ambition by the time he was 26 years old and to have at least twice that many years to enjoy it.

Jan Gordon Collins
Grove City, Ohio

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Then, using the blade itself as a sort of template, just lay out your pattern tick-tick-tick, and when you're finished, wipe the blade clean with your thumb.

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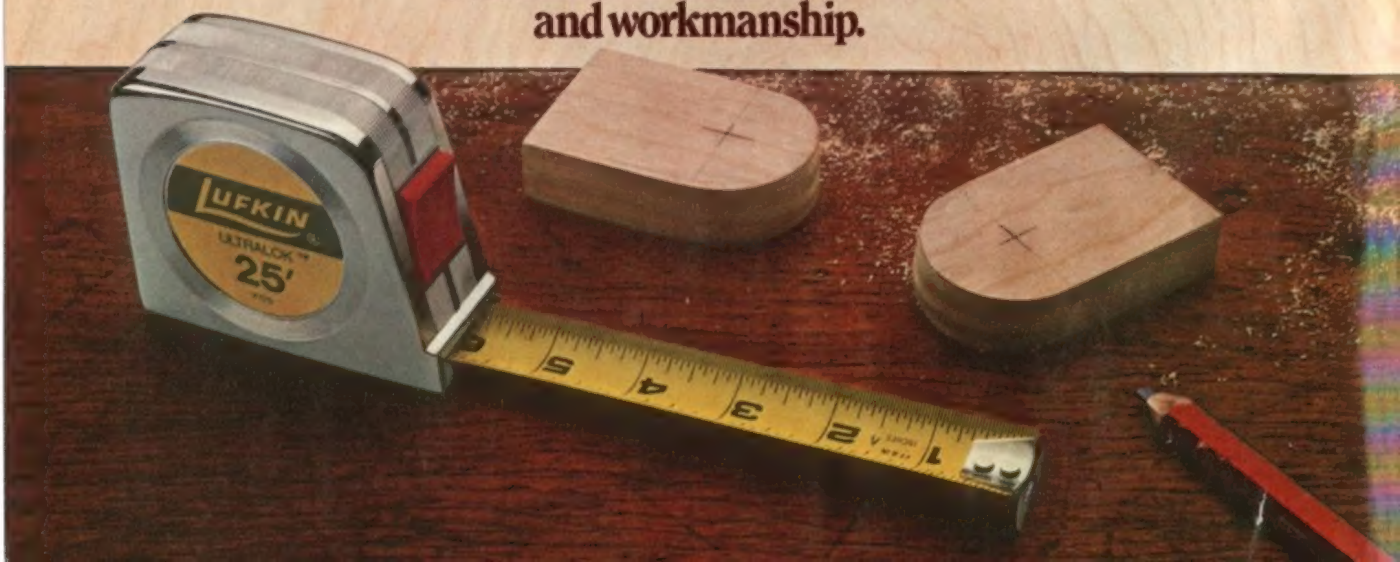

Letters

To describe Jimmy Connors as "a time-honored boor" is an insult to one whose humor and exciting play have been cheered by many aficionados of tennis.

Guy Lillian III
Greensboro, N.C.

Papal Art

In your review of the Vatican collection that is now on exhibition in the U.S. [Feb. 14], your critic questions the "star quality" given every object and asks if the risk of moving these treasures is justified. In almost all of the Vatican museums even the most important works are never displayed as prima donnas. They blend, as they should, with the original centuries-old setting. Thus, to most visitors the individual qualities of the objects easily become lost.

In the current display at the Metropolitan Museum of Art each piece is enhanced by its isolation. Hence, for most viewers, the show becomes a unique opportunity to enjoy and absorb the beauty of each object and painting. Many of these people will one day come to the Vatican. Then will they understand the context they missed. More important, they will want to see more art. There is no doubt that for them the risk is amply justified.

Walter Persegati
Secretary of the Vatican Museums
Vatican City

Squealing on Sex

Laws like the "squeal rule," requiring federally supported clinics to notify parents when they give contraceptives to minors [Feb. 7], will widen the existing gap between parent and teen-ager. Girls who seek professional guidance should not have their privacy violated. It is far wiser to have a girl 16 and counseled than 16 and pregnant.

Patricia A. Hodder
Bellerose, N.Y.

As a teen-ager, I was outraged to hear of the squeal rule. Most of my friends who are on birth-control pills received them through counseling at Government-funded clinics. Without the secrecy that was promised by the clinics, my best friends would have been added to the list of tragic stories of unwed mothers.

Kristin D. Merriman
Boston

In a survey of sex and adolescents published in 1978, James Elias of Stanford found that mothers were a source of sexual information for only 10% of their sons and for 65% of their daughters. Fathers came in an abysmal second: 26% for their sons and only 2% for their daughters. That leaves approximately one-third of the females and two-thirds of the males without information from either parent. Since so many parents are delinquent in fulfilling their obligation, I question whether they have the right to be informed about the use of contraceptives by their children.

John D. Lawry
Marymount College
Tarrytown, N.Y.

High Tide

TIME overlooked the tide in its reporting of the storm damage along California's coast [Feb. 7]. A big factor contributing to water damage was the highest tide since record keeping began in the early 1920s. This rare flow was aided by the unusual and simultaneous occurrence of three astronomical events: 1) the earth was within days of its closest approach to the sun, the perihelion; 2) the moon was at its closest approach to the center of the earth, the perigee; and 3) the moon's and sun's gravitational pulls were in alignment at the full moon.

Winfield G. Wagener
Sonora, Calif.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR should be addressed to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020, and should include the writer's full name, address and home telephone. Letters may be edited for purposes of clarity or space.

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The trail of '98. The stampeders trekked over Chilkoot Pass on foot. You can do it in one of our comfortable motorcoaches. Photo courtesy of the Historical Photography Collection, University of Washington Library.

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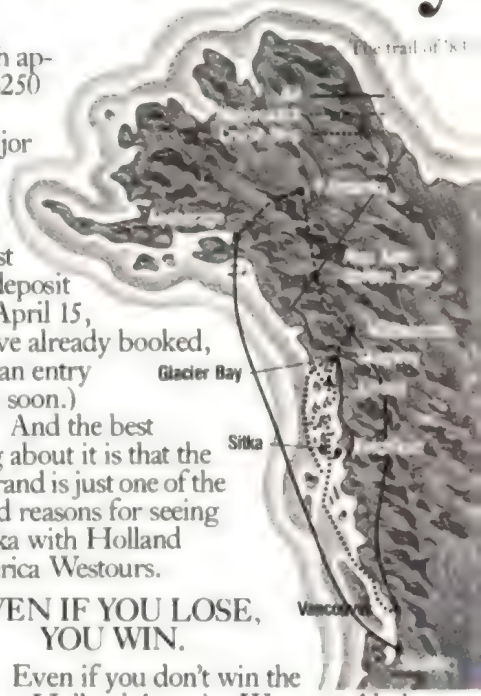

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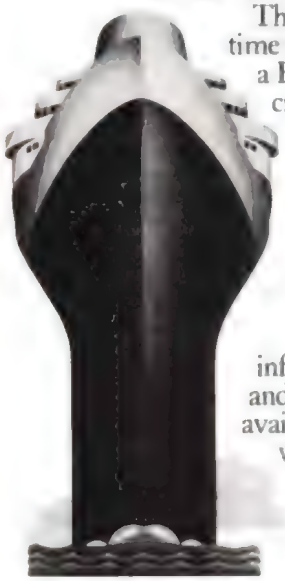

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will be conducted by Marden-Kane, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Winner will be required to sign an affidavit of eligibility and release and consent to the use of name and photograph for publicity purposes. Applicable taxes are sole responsibility of winners. No substitution or transfer of prizes. 4. The Consumer Sweepstakes open to residents of the U.S.A. except employees and their immediate families of Holland America Westours, its subsidiaries, affiliates, travel agency owner/managers and employees, agencies and Marden-Kane, Inc. Void where prohibited by law. All Federal, State and local laws and regulations apply. Odds of winning depend upon the total number of entries received. For a list of winners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: ALASKAN CRUISE WINNERS, P.O. Box 126, New York, NY 10046.

TIME FEBRUARY 28, 1983

Opening the Silly Season

Yes, Virginia, there is a presidential election in 1984—and it has begun

Cranston: "End the incredibly dangerous, shamefully expensive arms race"

Mondale: "I'd press our nation to compete"

A former Vice President goes ice fishing and poses with a puny perch dangling from his line. A 68-year-old Senator dons athletic shorts and runs a 60-yd. dash in a San Francisco track meet. A man who once orbited the earth turns up at a cattle show and enters a contest to guess the weight of a black Simmental bull; first prize is a dozen vials of bull semen.

Such hijinks can mean only one thing: the quadrennial silly season has started again. Twenty-one months before the presidential election and a full year before the first caucus or primary, a drove of Democratic hopefuls are formally declaring their candidacies. A few, heaven help the electorate, have been campaigning unofficially for more than a year.

Walter Mondale, 55, the popular party warhorse who currently leads the pack, will make his announcement this week. Colorado Senator Gary Hart, 45, armed with a pile of position papers and an organizational expertise learned when he managed George McGovern's campaign twelve years ago, kicked off his quest last week. Senator Alan Cranston, 68, of California, seizing on the issue of a nuclear arms freeze, made his long-shot race official three weeks ago. Of the top four contenders, only Senator John Glenn, 61, has not formally announced his candidacy. He will not do so until mid-April. He did, however, fly to Iowa and New Hampshire last week, and held a major fund raiser in his home state of Ohio.

All this politicking seems wearyingly premature, like Christmas decorations in July. It is no consolation that both Jimmy Carter and George McGovern officially began their long-shot bids even earlier. Candidates used to attract little press attention at this point in the campaign and thus could test themes and sharpen positions with slight risk of committing a fatal gaffe. This time around, however, they are already in the hot glare of television cameras. That kind of exposure encourages rhetorical posturing and, over the long haul, may discourage voter interest.

Ironically, the race for the Democratic nomination has moved into high gear so quickly partly because of an effort to *shorten* the political season. Last year the party decided to give the states only four months, instead of five, to choose delegates to the Democratic Convention, and as a result many primaries and caucuses were moved up. In the past two elections, candidates had a month after the Iowa caucuses to regroup for the New Hampshire primary. But in 1984 New Hampshire follows Iowa by a week, and a week after that at least a dozen more states—the number could grow—will hold their caucuses or primaries. All told, upwards of 30% of the Democratic Convention's delegates will be selected in the first three weeks of the process. "The third week of the primaries could be the bottom of the ninth inning," says the Democrats' past chairman Robert Strauss.

As a result of this earlier clustering, candidates can no longer concentrate on one or two early states in hopes of gaining the momentum to win in the larger primaries. By the end of this year, a serious candidate will have been forced to campaign, organize, and raise money for television time in states across the country.

The need for money makes it even more important that candidates qualify as soon as possible for federal funds. Mondale, Cranston and Hart have already raised the requisite $5,000 in small donations from each of 20 states; donations to them will now be matched by the Government, payable next January. In addition, the decision by the AFL-CIO to consider endorsing a candidate this December means that there will be an important miniconvention before the primaries even begin.

Front Runner Mondale stands to benefit most from the new rules, which make it more difficult for a dark horse to score an early upset. His campaign is better organized than any of the others, and his coffers are brimming. Mondale is the only candidate given a chance of winning a two-thirds majority at the AFL-CIO meeting, which is required to get the group's endorsement. His stumping for Democratic candidates last year has ingratiated him with party officials, who get 22% of the seats at the convention.

Mondale's campaign theme will combine his traditional Democratic liberalism with pragmatic ideas that he developed during a "rethinking process" over the past two years. He advocates a partnership between business and Government to help revitalize American industry, and speaks of the need for tougher trade policies. "I'd press our nation to compete again," he says. So far Mondale has concentrated on each of the Democrats' traditional constituencies: organized labor, blacks, Jews, blue-collar workers, women and teachers. He appealed to many of them last week in thoroughly Democratic Chicago. "This Administration's position on women is as wrong as it can possibly be," he told a luncheon of professional women. To a group of senior citizens in a Jewish neighborhood, he praised Israel for its handling of the inquiry into the massacre of Palestinians in Lebanon ("I say God bless Israel for her example") and criticized Reagan's approach to Social Security reform as "unfair." He has been courting labor by strongly supporting an ill-advised "domestic content" bill that would require foreign auto exporters to use American parts and labor.

Mondale has genuine wit, but he is not without his liabilities. He is closely associated with the unpopular presidency of Jimmy Carter. His brand of liberalism is in eclipse, so much of the intellectual force of his campaign will have to come from his "new ideas." Most important, the scrutiny given the front runner will magnify and occasionally distort his campaign. Mondale is the man to beat: any victories will be viewed as unremarkable, any losses considered big upsets, and any stumbles treated as potentially fatal.

Glenn, who is running second to Mondale in the opinion polls (41% to 17%, according to a Harris survey of Democratic voters this month), has an all-American aura that seems almost undiminished since that day 21 years ago when his *Friendship 7* capsule re-entered the atmosphere. He has been neither appealing directly to individual voter blocs nor organizing grass-roots volunteers. His aides feel that his celebrity makes it possible for him to win the primary obstacle run by appealing to a broad cross section of voters. "The interesting question is whether it's possible to have a charismatic moderate," says his press secretary, Greg Schneiders, a former Carter aide. Interesting indeed, since charisma is seldom listed among Glenn's considerable qualities as a candidate. Glenn's campaign could be affected by the release this October of the film version of Tom Wolfe's book on the space program, *The Right Stuff*. The portrayal of Glenn (by actor Ed Harris) might either deflate or enhance his image as an embodiment of traditional American values.

Glenn has developed a reputation in the Senate as a careful student of technological issues. His conclusion that the SALT II treaty was not adequately verifiable in 1979 helped prevent its ratification by the Senate; he now says he supports the arms treaty, which has been shelved. He has yet to develop cutting campaign themes, mainly stressing the need for more investment in education and research.

Last week Glenn flew his own Beechcraft plane to Iowa, where he held a press conference at the state capitol in Des Moines, tried to weigh a bull by eye (he guessed 1,905 lbs., off by about 25 lbs.) and presented an award to Iowa's seedstock producer-of-the-year. "This is the first cattle show I've been to in months where Fritz Mondale and I have not been the main attractions," he joked. More seriously, he made the pledge against embargoes that Iowa voters love: "It's high time we stopped using food as a foreign policy weapon."

Hart made his announcement on the steps of his own state capitol in Denver. Just as Mondale must transcend his reputation as a Big Government liberal, Hart has been working during his eight years in the Senate to shed some of the ideological baggage associated with the ill-fated McGovern campaign. He is included in the somewhat nebulous group known as "neo-liberals," who stress the need for a pragmatic approach by business, labor and Government to adapt the economy to an era of high technology. The theme of the election, he said on a campaign swing through Mississippi after his announcement, is "Who represents the future the best?" Hart has put together reams of position papers (and a book to be published next month) dealing with his ideas on making the military stronger but less bloated, reforming the tax code with a "consumption tax," and guiding new business investments using tax incentives. His challenge will be to package what currently seems like a Chinese menu of interesting but often conflicting ideas into coherent campaign themes.

Rather than aiming at traditional voting blocs (he is the only major candidate to

Hart: "Who represents the future best?"

Glenn: "It's high time we stopped using food as a foreign policy weapon"

defy organized labor on protectionist legislation). Hart hopes to build a young grassroots army that will knock on enough doors in Iowa and New Hampshire to catapult him past Glenn as the prime challenger to Mondale. He can also count on a base of support in the booming Rocky Mountain West.

Cranston intends to build a power base around voters who are primarily concerned with nuclear arms control. "We cannot revive our economy, or save our society, until we end the incredibly dangerous, shamefully expensive arms race," he said at his announcement three weeks ago. Unlike Glenn and Hart, both of whom are respected for their diligence but not for their legislative skills, Cranston is an adroit Senate leader. He demonstrates his good health with public displays of his sprinting prowess. But his age, despite Reagan's robust example, and his lack of broad support make his candidacy a long shot.

Cranston is not the only Senator to have succumbed to the "Why not me?" syndrome, a condition that infects members of the Senate when the presidential nomination is thought to be up for grabs. Ernest ("Fritz") Hollings, 61, of South Carolina, a grand Southern orator who some say would be a perfect running mate with Mondale on a Fritz & Fritz ticket, is floating trial balloons. Also considering declaring their candidacies are Dale Bumpers, 57, a highly respected Senator from Arkansas, and Reubin Askew, 54, a former Governor of Florida.

With such a large field, there is a slightly higher than average chance that the nomination will not be decided until the convention. Some state delegations may try to remain uncommitted or pledged to favorite sons. The 850 or so party officials automatically selected may also represent a large uncommitted bloc. In addition, the party rules have been changed so that delegates are not legally bound to the candidates for whom they were elected. But most experts feel that the contest will quickly boil down to a race between Mondale and either Glenn or Hart, with one emerging as the winner before the primaries are over.

The ever lengthening campaign process has, in theory, some virtues: it could test whether a candidate can inspire confidence, organize his time and staff, think on his feet, delegate authority and express new ideas. But much of that is now lost in the hoopla that surrounds the earliest stages of a campaign. Unfortunately, every remark a candidate makes for the next year will be considered more for its potential controversy—or at least its access to a share of the nightly news programs—than for its content. The challenge for voters will be to use the arduous process to determine how well a candidate might govern, not just how well he campaigns. ***—By Walter Isaacson. Reported by Christopher Ogden/Chicago and Evan Thomas/Washington***

Howard Phillips; Reagan listens to *The Star-Spangled Banner* before speaking; Richard Viguerie

Sticking by Their Man

Despite New Right carping, most conservatives still like Reagan

Ronald Reagan is the most conservative President elected since Ronald Reagan could vote. Still, his Administration's policies have often turned out not so conservative as his opponents on the left had feared. Or, conversely, as the volatile far right had giddily hoped. "Reagan," declares Howard Phillips, head of the New Right's Conservative Caucus, "is a total disaster."

Phillips, along with Richard Viguerie, publisher of the *Conservative Digest*, and a few other right-wingers have been hinting that they will oppose Reagan's re-election. But if last week's Conservative Political Action Conference in Washington was any guide, they may be leading a rebellion that has few followers. The President, in a speech Friday to the 1,400 participants, wowed his philosophical comrades: they applauded 40 times in 30 minutes. According to an earlier survey of the assembled activists, 75% believe that Reagan is doing a "good" or "excellent" job. Republican Congressman Mickey Edwards of Oklahoma, chairman of the American Conservative Union, a conference sponsor, says: "Conservatives are generally still very supportive of the President."

New Right leaders, however, are peeved that most of Reagan's appointments have been mainstream Republicans. Declares Viguerie: "It's been the Wall Street and country club Republicans running this Administration. Conservatism has not even been tried." They are also angry that not a single item on their legislative agenda has passed Congress. Reagan keeps reiterating his sympathy for their positions on "social issues"—against abortion, against busing to achieve integration, in favor of organized prayer in public schools—but he has not put the weight of his Administration behind any New Right legislation. Peter Gemma, executive director of the National Pro-Life Political Action Committee, despairs that Reagan "has been great on symbolism and excruciatingly slow on action."

Thus has Reagan been able to mollify the conservative rank and file, even while he governs pragmatically. His new, more conciliatory posture toward the Democrats, manifested most recently in his support for a "bipartisan" jobs bill, has undone the New Rightists. "He is seeking accommodation," Phillips says accusatorially, "with the Washington Establishment." Viguerie darkly refers to Reagan's "strong turn to the left."

The stepped-up criticism is attributable both to the movement's temperamental righteousness and to its political immaturity. "Their power mode," says a top Republican strategist, "is not properly adjusted to governing. They are better at Molotov cocktailing." Moreover, New Right fund raisers have a professional stake in continuing conservative discontent. Says a White House aide: "Viguerie and company must keep their mailing lists activated through fear."

The White House is annoyed but not especially worried by the thunder on the far right. "When are they going to elect a more conservative President than Ronald Reagan in this century?" asks Presidential Assistant Michael Deaver. "Never." As for Phillips, Viguerie and the rest, Deaver has run out of fraternal feeling. "Screw 'em," he says, "and you can quote me." The President is far more politic but knows that his zealous conservative constituents need him more than he needs them. The 1982 elections, in which the National Conservative Political Action Committee spent $4.5 million but had scant influence, produced a moderate Congress. To govern, Reagan must deal with Congress, not with the right. "We're not such a great majority in the world," he told the conservative magazine *Human Events* last week, "that we can be giving ourselves political saliva tests all the time." ■

Extra! Extra! Shredder Update

The investigation of "Wastegate" becomes an elephants' ballet

Caught up in the momentum of a fresh Washington scandal, Capitol Hill was thick with shadowy suspicions, cover-up charges and three-ring theatrics last week. There was little new, substantive information to feed the six, count 'em six, congressional committees investigating allegations that the Environmental Protection Agency had made "sweetheart" deals with polluting companies and delayed cleanups of toxic-waste dumps for political reasons. But there was enough sound and fury to prove that the affair Capitol wags have dubbed Waste Watergate (Wastegate, for short) was, as one worried presidential aide put it, "out of control."

The White House, which had reacted slowly at first, moved to stanch the political damage. With EPA Administrator Anne Gorsuch facing a contempt-of-Congress citation, the Administration acquiesced to a plan to give a subcommittee of the House Public Works Committee full access to toxic-waste-enforcement files that Gorsuch had refused to yield. The subcommittee agreed to follow certain safeguards when reviewing the documents so that sensitive material will not leak out. The White House had claimed that the documents subpoenaed by Congress were protected by Executive privilege, but was prodded into a "compromise" by mounting public pressure and doubts about its legal case. Said Public Works Committee Chairman James J. Howard, a New Jersey Democrat: "Make no mistake about it—this is a major victory for the House."

The President also ordered the Justice Department to investigate whether EPA employees shredded subpoenaed documents and whether the agency's ousted assistant administrator, Rita Lavelle, violated conflict-of-interest laws. In addition, the Administration agreed to settle the case of EPA Whistle Blower Hugh Kaufman, who had charged that Lavelle and other agency officials had harassed him after he publicly criticized the EPA's sluggish record on purging poisonous wastes. Kaufman's "unsatisfactory" rating was struck and his pay made up.

The colliding efforts to investigate the mess at EPA produced an elephants' ballet. The confusion hit a pinnacle at midweek, when President Reagan spoke so nebulously at his press conference that the New York *Times* and other news organizations prematurely reported that he had decided to give Congress the disputed documents. They culled that impression from the President's statement that he would "never invoke Executive privilege to cover up wrongdoing." White House Spokesman Larry Speakes spent most of Thursday explaining that the President had really meant to reassert his claim of Executive privilege. Indeed, at the White House's insistence, the written agreement with the subcommittee stipulates that Executive privilege has not been waived with regard to any document.

On Capitol Hill, members of the House Public Works Committee listened incredulously as a parade of EPA employees tried to explain why two paper shredders had suddenly turned up in the agency's hazardous-waste section just a few weeks after Gorsuch was held in contempt for refusing to yield documents from that office. Offering testimony studded with contradictions, they displayed EPA press releases titled "Second Shredder Response" and "Shredder Update." Gene Lucero, an assistant to Rita Lavelle when she ran the section, said that the agency had mistakenly ordered two extra shredders and a "helpful clerk" offered them to Lavelle's section.

"It seemed like a good idea," he said.

"It's got to be one of the stupidest actions I've ever heard of," said Georgia's Elliott Levitas.

After some reflection, Lucero came around. "I'll agree with you. It was a stupid decision." Levitas harbored darker suspicions about the shredders: "I have information that they were heavily used at night and on the weekends. Anyone who believes that all this was done by a GS 7 [clerk] still believes in the tooth fairy."

Lavelle, whose Feb. 7 firing set off the EPA crisis, provided another erratic subplot. After pledging to cooperate with congressional investigators, she holed up in her apartment and refused to honor subpoenas from two House subcommittees looking into her management of the agency's hazardous-waste program. In another bizarre twist, she sent her appointment calendars, which she had resisted giving to the House subcommittees that had subpoenaed them, to a Senate committee that had never requested them. The calendars, listing numerous luncheon and dinner dates with representatives of chemical companies she regulated but very few with environmental lobbyists, buttressed charges that she had a business bias. By letting the representatives pay for her meals, Lavelle may have violated agency regulations, according to the EPA.

At the center of the congressional investigations is the $1.6 billion Superfund program, created by Congress three years ago to clean up the nation's most dangerous toxic-waste dumps. On Friday, House leaders were given a new EPA audit showing that the agency cannot account for $53.6 million, almost one-third of the 1982 appropriation for the Superfund. "At best, EPA officials have been sloppy and incompetent," said Democratic Representative James Scheuer.

Congress continued to widen its investigation to cover all of the EPA's enforcement efforts. Called before the Senate Environment and Public Works Committee, Gorsuch was accused of trying to cripple the agency through budget reductions. As the "Ice Queen" defended her stormy tenure, her eyes misted with a few rare tears. "Nobody can be wrong all that much of the time," she said. "I have to judge that a great deal of it is political harassment."

But Gorsuch elicited little sympathy from lawmakers of either party. The Senators warned her that they plan to get to the bottom of charges of mismanagement and political favoritism that taint the Superfund program. Chided Democratic Senator Max Baucus: "I think there's a feeling in the committee, and the country, that the EPA no longer cares." —*By Maureen Dowd. Reported by Jay Branegan/Washington*

EPA Head Gorsuch under fire on Capitol Hill

Whistle Blower Kaufman after his successful settlement

The White House moves to stanch political damage.

Mixed Signals on Arms Control

Behind the scenes there are signs of flexibility

Publicly, the President was standing firm on the U.S. bargaining position at the critical talks with the Soviet Union on intermediate-range ballistic missiles (IRBMs) in Europe. Declared Reagan at his televised press conference: "When I . . . introduced this proposal for zero option, I said that we would negotiate in good faith any legitimate proposal that might be offered . . . So far no legitimate counterproposal has been offered that would warrant negotiation or study." Thus, insisted Reagan about the Soviets, "the ball is still in their court."

Privately, however, pressure was building within the Administration for the U.S. to break the impasse at Geneva by moving away from the zero option. Under this proposal, the Soviet Union would dismantle its SS-20 missiles, most of which are aimed at European targets, in return for the U.S.'s abandoning its plans to deploy Pershing II and cruise missiles in Europe beginning in December. No such U.S. initiative is likely, though, until after the March 6 elections in West Germany. Any softening of the American stance before then, U.S. officials believe, would undercut Chancellor Helmut Kohl, a firm supporter of the new NATO deployment, in his race against Social Democrat Hans-Jochen Vogel.

Nonetheless, Vice President George Bush, back from what the Administration believes was a highly successful trip to explain the U.S. position in Europe, hinted at the shape a U.S. move may take. "Maybe there is a way, an intermediate way," he said in a TV interview, to reach the Administration's oft-stated goal of "eliminating an entire generation of these weapons from the face of the earth." At the State Department, a potentially influential group of senior-level officials is pushing quietly for the U.S. to seek a large, but not total, reduction in Soviet IRBMs, while in return America would agree to deploy far fewer than its planned 572 Pershings and cruise missiles. Among those who favor such a move are Lawrence Eagleburger, Under Secretary for Political Affairs, and Richard Burt, who finally won confirmation last week as Assistant Secretary for European Affairs after a long fight by conservative Senators to block his appointment.

There is no indication yet that Secretary of State George Shultz is willing to take up this cause, which undoubtedly would lead to a clash with Defense Secretary Caspar Weinberger, a strong proponent of the zero option. The belief at the White House that Bush put the Soviets on the diplomatic defensive may be overly optimistic, but it reinforces Pentagon pressure on Reagan to hold fast and wait for concessions from Moscow. One White House defense strategist says that U.S. Negotiator Paul Nitze has been instructed to do "some very determined, energetic, inquisitive negotiating" at Geneva to seek out any weakening in the Soviet position. In return, some White House officials believe, Reagan would be receptive to making a U.S. counterproposal.

While all this delicate jockeying was going on, Reagan suffered an arms control setback of a quite different sort at the hands of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—a wound that was, in a sense, self-inflicted. The committee refused to confirm Kenneth Adelman, 36, now the deputy permanent U.S. representative to the United Nations, as head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, which supervises the U.S. negotiators. The committee of nine Republicans and eight Democrats had been expected narrowly to approve Adelman, sending the nomination to the floor. There the Administration expected to win confirmation after a stiff fight.

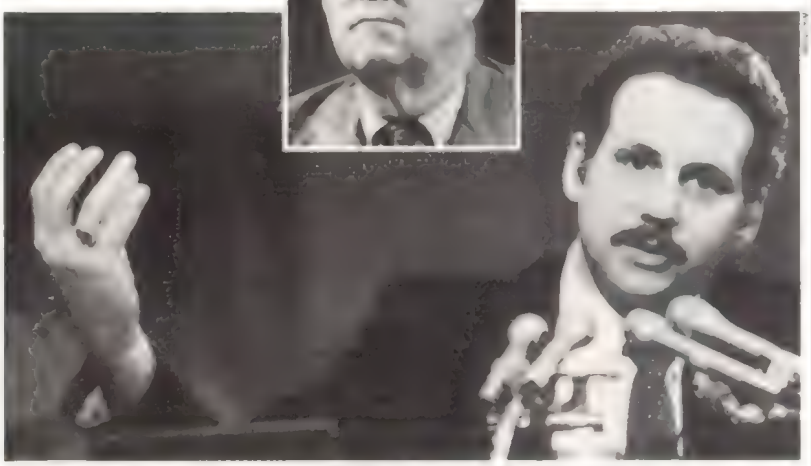
But when Republican Senator Charles Percy, chairman of the committee, called a meeting last week to vote on Adelman, Democrat Alan Cranston gave the group copies of a 1981 story from the New York *Daily News* in which Adelman was quoted as saying that arms control negotiations are useful only for "political reasons. I think it's a sham." Cranston then made a motion to delay voting on Adelman, apparently assuming that Percy had a majority in Adelman's favor. Percy, presumably under the same impression, sharply opposed the motion.

Then Maryland Republican Charles Mathias turned the tide. He noted that Reagan and his top aides "are all innocent of experience in the complex and bewildering world of arms control." He added in biting understatement: "I would hope that Mr. Adelman could be excused from taking a crash course in a subject upon which, until now, he has not concentrated. The President can then enjoy that privilege so rare in human experience, a second choice." With that, Percy knew the vote would be 9 to 8 against the appointment. He turned to Cranston and said, "I am going to ask you to renew your motion." Amid the laughter, the committee agreed, 15 to 2, to postpone a final decision.

The President seems ready to fight for his choice. "I believe the young man is eminently qualified," Reagan said at his press conference. Asked how he expected to get the Senate committee to change its position, Reagan vowed, "I will try to be as persuasive as I can and make them see the light. If that falls short, maybe I'll try to make them feel the heat."

Adelman, who holds a Ph.D. in African studies from Georgetown University, claimed that he did "not recall" describing arms control as "a sham" and that it was not his view, either in 1981 or at present. Percy tentatively agreed, at Cranston's urging, to hold a committee hearing on whether Adelman had been quoted accurately in the *Daily News*.

An acrimonious Senate debate over the nomination could further erode confidence in the U.S.'s ability to deal seriously and intelligently with arms control issues. Already sensing a propaganda plum, the official Soviet news agency TASS jumped on Adelman's reported anti-arms control views as "a scandalous development." Adelman was proof, TASS said, that Reagan had been "appointing incompetent persons to high offices." —*By Ed Magnuson. Reported by Laurence I. Barrett and Gregory H. Wierzynski/Washington*



Adelman at confirmation hearings, and Mathias, inset, weighing his decision

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Taking Two Aspirin Won't Do

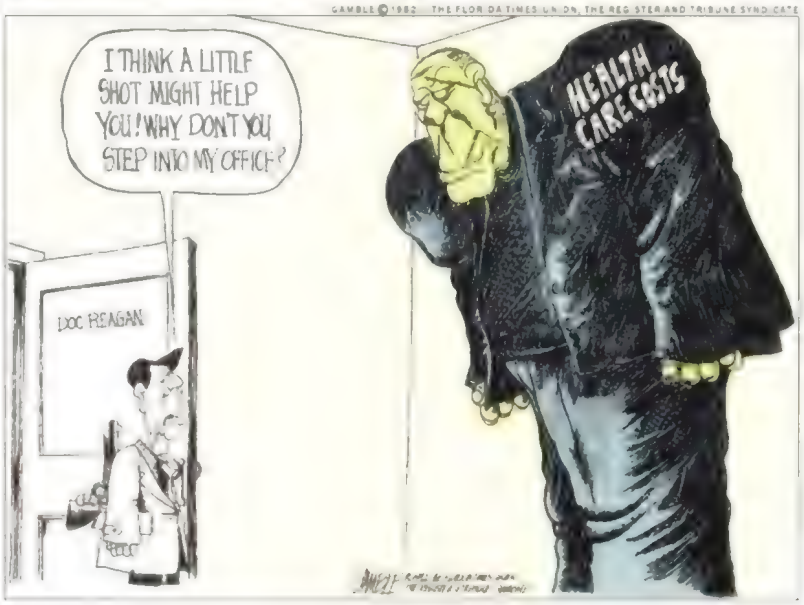
Radical surgery is recommended to cut health-care costs

In 1967, its first full year of existence, Medicare, the nation's health-insurance program for the elderly and disabled, cost $4.6 billion. Medicaid, the medical-assistance program for the poor enacted simultaneously, cost $2.9 billion. This year the combined programs are expected to cost about $75 billion, or 9.5% of all federal spending. And in five years, according to the Congressional Budget Office, that price tag is expected to climb 87%, to $142 billion, a rate twice that of all other federal spending. The chief causes of this upward spiral are longer life expectancies for Americans and medical-care costs that are rising 11% a year, nearly three times the rate of the Consumer Price Index.

Some argue that there is a third factor at work as well. "At least part of the blame," said departing Health and Human Services Secretary Richard S. Schweiker in his budget message in January, "belongs to federal policies that have actually rewarded inefficiency in health care." President Reagan evidently agrees. In his 1984 budget, delivered to Congress Jan. 31, Reagan outlined sweeping changes in Medicare, Medicaid and private employer-based group health insurance. The projected payoff in Medicare and Medicaid savings: an estimated $2.1 billion in 1984 and $19.3 billion through 1988.

Known as the "pro-competition" plan, the Administration proposals are based on the assumption that patients are insulated from price consciousness by a system in which the Government and private insurers pay the medical bills. As a result, patients "overconsume" health care and drive up its cost. If consumers had to foot at least part of the bill, according to the Administration, they would become comparative shoppers in the medical marketplace, eventually forcing the price of services down and saving the Government money. One Reagan proposal would hike the costs of short-term hospital stays for Medicare patients. There are 29 million of them; most are retirees on fixed incomes. Under the present system, Medicare recipients pay a deductible ($350 in 1984) for the first day in the hospital. Thereafter, Medicare picks up the whole cost through the 60th day, and part of it for 30 days more. After an additional "lifetime reserve" of 60 days has been depleted, Government coverage ends, and the patient is fully liable. By contrast, the Administration plan would provide *unlimited* coverage after the 60th day but require patients to pay not only the initial $350, but also an incremental charge for the next 59 days. Under the Reagan approach, the average hospital stay of eleven days will cost a Medicare patient $280 more in fiscal 1984 than it does today.

A second cost-cutting measure would count health-insurance contributions provided by private employers as taxable income. Many businesses now offer health insurance as a fringe benefit and deduct their contributions as a business expense. The change would affect insurance programs whose premiums exceed $70 a month for an employee ($175 a month for a family); some 50 million privately insured employees would be involved. The Reagan Administration maintains that the tax would raise $2.3 billion in 1984. It argues that the policy is principally a cost-control device that will induce workers to pressure their employers for less comprehensive insurance coverage, thereby cutting medical costs.



A third major element of the Reagan health package is a proposal to establish a catalogue of fixed prices that Medicare will pay hospitals. Under the proposed "prospective payment" system, the Government would pay hospitals set fees for 467 "diagnosis-related groups" of illnesses, based on the average cost nationally for the procedures plus a labor differential. If a hospital spent less than the amount, it could pocket the difference; if more, it would bear the overrun. Hospitals are now reimbursed for all "reasonable" charges associated with a Medicare patient. The projected savings: $1.5 billion in fiscal 1984 and $20.4 billion by 1988. The Administration plan has other cost-slashing measures, including a one-year freeze on Medicare fees paid to physicians, nominal but mandatory $1 to $2 assessments on the nation's 22.2 million Medicaid patients for doctor and hospital visits, and an optional voucher system by which Medicare benefits could be exchanged for a private insurance policy.

With a single exception, the entire plan has drawn fire from a wide spectrum of critics who challenge the central assumption of the Reagan scheme: if patient benefits are reduced, the system's cost hemorrhaging can be stopped. Critics insist that it is physicians and other health-care providers, not patients, who drive up the costs, because they decide what services will be rendered. "There is no good research to make one believe that consumers are abusing the system," says Lori B. Andrews, an attorney on the board of the nonprofit People's Medical Society, based in Emmaus, Pa. "The key to cost control must be the provider."

The prospective-payment plan is the only element that does not automatically send temperatures soaring. At hearings before the Health Subcommittee of the House Ways and Means Committee last week, expert witnesses suggested a range of adjustments in the Administration's approach, but prospects for congressional passage of this part of the package still appear reasonably good. Senate Health Subcommittee Chairman David Durenberger, a Minnesota Republican, predicts that the plan will reach the Senate floor for a vote in March.

Not a moment too soon, it seems: even if the entire Administration health-cut package were enacted, a most unlikely development, Medicare benefit payments for 1984 would still run an estimated $63.2 billion, a sum 13.2% higher than this year's level. ***—By Susan Tifft. Reported by Jeanne Saddler/Washington***

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Stifled Squeal

Parents may not have to know

The so-called squeal rule was effectively muzzled last week. Two federal district judges, in New York and Washington, D.C., issued temporary injunctions blocking the Department of Health and Human Services from requiring, as of Feb. 25, that some 5,000 federally funded family-planning clinics notify parents within ten working days of the time that their children (age 17 or under) receive prescription contraceptives. In New York, U.S. District Court Judge Henry F. Werker called the Government's arguments defending the rule "fatuous" and "mere sophistry." He asserted that the proposed regulation "contradicts and subverts the intent of Congress," which was to provide funds to combat "the problems of teen-age pregnancy." And in a similar case initiated in Washington by Planned Parenthood, U.S. District Court Judge Thomas A. Flannery said, "It is abundantly clear ... that many teen-agers will be deterred from attending these clinics as a result of the parental-notification requirement."

Groups that opposed the rule were delighted by the temporary injunctions. "We have always been confident the regulation would not go into effect," said Jeffrey Lubitz, spokesman for the Planned Parenthood League of Massachusetts. "It was totally contrary to the ideals of the family-planning program established by Congress." Foes of the rule have consistently maintained that parental notification would cause many teen-agers to boycott family-planning clinics but not abstain from sex. "The only effect the rule would have would be to keep kids from using reliable methods of birth control," said Peter Brownlie, executive director of Planned Parenthood in Fort Worth.

Conservatives, who had pressured the Reagan Administration to issue the regulation, were deeply distressed. "It was a good rule that didn't go far enough," said Phyllis Schlafly, president of Eagle Forum, an organization that opposes abortion and the ERA. "In my opinion, it would have definitely helped reduce teenage sexual activity, pregnancies and abortions."

By week's end HHS was planning to send Mailgrams to its regional offices ordering them not to enforce the regulation. The Justice Department said the Government would appeal the rulings. But on the evidence of last week's unequivocal judgments, it would appear that Justice Department lawyers will have a tough case to make. The decisions are, said Harvard Law School Professor Laurence Tribe, "courageous and clearly correct." He added that the regulations appeared to violate the constitutional rights of minors and posed problems of "serious gender discrimination" because, in practice, they would have affected only teen-age girls. ■

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

Taking Notes for History

For a year and a half, Oregon's Senator Mark Hatfield, history buff and former professor, urged Ronald Reagan to sit down with presidential biographers to talk about preserving the record of his White House years. Last week on Valentine's night the minisummit was held around the Hatfield dining-room table in Georgetown. Four noted biographers, the Librarian of Congress and their wives spooned homemade strawberry ice cream and counseled Reagan to cling to every scrap of evidence for history's sake.

Curse the telephone, chimed the writers, with one reservation. Theodore Roosevelt wrote 150,000 letters, and his eye-weary biographer, Edmund Morris, joked that he rather wished T.R. had used a telephone more. All at the table were concerned that nowadays Presidents phone Prime Ministers and Senators, leaving no record of their conversations. Couldn't Reagan write short notes when he finished his calls? He'd create a mountain of paper, maybe, but 200 years from now his jottings would be invaluable. There followed a minor scholarly disagreement. George Nash (*The Life of Herbert Hoover*, Volume I) mentioned that Hoover was the first President to have a phone in his office. No, countered Arthur Link, editor of the Woodrow Wilson papers; there is a photo showing three phones on Wilson's desk. Frank Freidel, biographer of Franklin Roosevelt, reminded them that Benjamin Harrison said it was beneath the President's dignity to answer a telephone.* The relationship between Reagan and his wife Nancy was absolutely vital in understanding his presidency, said Morris' wife Sylvia, herself a biographer (*Edith Kermit Roosevelt*). Keep the private letters and notes, she advised. The Reagans' marriage seems unusually strong at a time when the national norm seems the opposite. Devotion shapes history.

Teddy Roosevelt: man of letters

The group compared immigrant forebears, Reagan rising to eloquence on how newcomers built the country. That struck a chord with Morris, an immigrant from Kenya 14 years ago. Now he was sitting at the table with the President of the U.S. Just the point, said Reagan. America needed to stay open so that its democratic miracle could be renewed from generation to generation. "You may be the first President to say that since Wilson," Link told Ronald Wilson Reagan, adding, "I like your middle name."

Did Mrs. Reagan know, asked Freidel, that Eleanor Roosevelt was for school prayer and against ERA? Nancy was amazed. Eleanor also held regular press conferences, the professor related. Nancy sighed.

Presidential character and personality often affect history as much as policy decisions, observed Daniel Boorstin, Librarian of Congress. But fully fathoming a President's character is most difficult for historians, since the term of office is relatively short and prior evidence sometimes scanty. Monarchs, visible for life, are easier to pin down. Reagan, of all recent Presidents, seems genuinely more modest about his role in history and perhaps less concerned about keeping records. At first, allowed Reagan, when somebody said "Mr. President," he had an impulse to look over his shoulder and find the fellow. "I can understand paying attention to the presidency," said Reagan, "but why me?"

Freidel made the point that the more he got to know about F.D.R., the better he found him to be as a President. Hatfield contended that Hoover would be judged by history not as a President who ended an era but as a man who began one. Nash brought mirth when the discussion turned to the press: "Hoover once said that any President should have the right to shoot at least two people a year without explanation."

The Reagans became so engrossed in the discussion that twice they ignored the signals from their Secret Service escort that the scheduled time was up. Not until nearly 11 p.m. did they push away from the table, and even then Nancy said she still had a lot of questions to ask. She probably will get her chance. The President told Senator Hatfield he would like to meet again with the men and women whose views go beyond the morning headlines.

*White House curators say Hoover was first to have a phone permanently installed on his desk, though phones came to the White House in Rutherford B. Hayes' years.

MORONO—B SMARCK

Armed lawmen prepare to storm suspect's farmhouse near Heaton, N. Dak.

Dakota Dragnet

Two U.S. marshals are slain

The quaint notion that government is both evil and unnecessary has had its principled advocates for centuries. But a modern-day group championing that impractical idea saw its claims to respectability vanish one day last week in an eruption of automatic rifle fire just before sunset on a normally quiet North Dakota prairie. In less than a minute, Kenneth Muir, 53, chief U.S. marshal in the state, and Deputy Marshal Robert Cheshire Jr., 32, had been killed. Deputy Marshal James Hopson, 59, was rushed to a hospital in critical condition. So, too, was Yorivon Kahl, 23, son of Gordon Kahl, 63, a convicted tax evader whom the marshals had tried to arrest by setting up a roadblock on the outskirts of Medina (pop. 522).

The elder Kahl, who had contended that the U.S. Government is "the American synagogue of Satan," jumped into an unmarked Medina police car at the shooting site and fled. Much of the government he hated was soon hunting him, employing some 100 lawmen, dozens of cars, police dogs, even an incongruously formidable armored personnel carrier. By week's end five suspects, including Kahl's wounded son, were under arrest. But Kahl was still eluding the massive man hunt.

The slain U.S. marshals had an arrest warrant for Kahl, who had violated the terms of his probation after being convicted in Midland, Texas, in 1977 of failing to file federal income tax returns in 1973 and 1974. He had not reported to a probation officer in North Dakota, as required, and he had associated with "known tax-violator groups," in this case, the Posse Comitatus (power of the county). This loosely organized, insignificantly small, ultra-right-wing group, which has isolated chapters mainly in the rural Midwest, respects only one official: a county sheriff. It opposes all other government officials and institutions, especially the income tax system, and shares the anti-Semitic, racist views of the Ku Klux Klan.

Kahl, who grew up on a farm near Heaton, 40 miles from Medina, had taken wintertime jobs in Texas before moving there with his wife and six children in 1967. In Crane, Texas, he was known mainly as a quiet and hard-working supervisor in a company that cleans oil pipelines with steam. Sheriff Raymond Weatherby recalls that Kahl was "polite and nice until you got him talking about taxes. Then he was off to the races." Kahl organized about ten people into a Posse chapter in Crane. He drove a Dodge pickup emblazoned with two large white stars and the words SHERIFF'S POSSE COMITATUS in black. "We heard now and then that Kahl had guns and ammunition at his house," recalls Weatherby, "but there was never any reason to check it out."

THE HARVEY HERALD

Fugitive Gordon Kahl

In an interview with the Harvey (N. Dak.) *Herald*, Kahl claimed that "the income tax is one of the ten planks of the *Communist Manifesto*, call it the ten commandments of Satan." He added: "I'm going to try to live by God's law. When it isn't possible any more, we'll have to die trying."

On the day after the shootout, an assault force composed of U.S. marshals, FBI agents, state and local police thought they had Kahl surrounded when they drew close to his modest Heaton farmhouse, not far from where the police car was found. During a 24-hour siege, the house was first approached by the tanklike personnel carrier, then bombarded with tear gas. Finally a SWAT team moved in, kicked down the door—and found the house unoccupied. Inside were more than 30 guns.

In Portland, Ore., LaVerne D. Hollenbeck, who considers himself the "commander" of the Posse, was unmoved by the marshals' deaths. Said he: "They must have been awful poor marksmen." ■

Unlucky 13

Mass murder in a Seattle club

It was a private club, and the patrons were placing bets on a Chinese game called "paykyo," using metal chips. But on this particular night in Seattle's Chinatown, all of the players were tragic losers. At least two gunmen, for reasons that were not immediately clear, entered the turquoise-painted Wah Mee (Beautiful China) club from its alley entrance some time before midnight, bound the hands and feet of all but one of the 14 occupants, then aimed handguns at the heads of all. When the methodical shooting was over, twelve Asians lay dead; a 13th died later in a hospital. The 14th fled, badly wounded, into the alley and directed a passer-by to the mass-murder scene. All but one of the victims were men.

Seattle police quickly seized two suspects, but refused to say where, or precisely what led to the arrests. Officials suggested that robbery could have been the motive for the violence and had no evidence that a gang vendetta was involved. The only known survivor was too seriously wounded to tell his story and was heavily guarded in his hospital room. Said a neighborhood woman, as police and reporters sought details: "This is Chinatown. Nobody knows anything." ■

Sad Epilogue

Twelve months for $12

Of the 20 or so men who served prison terms for their Watergate crimes, uncooperative G. Gordon Liddy did by far the longest stretch (52 months). Only four others served as long as a year: E. Howard Hunt, former Attorney General John Mitchell and Presidential Aides H.R. Haldeman and John Ehrlichman. Prison terms for Perjurer Dwight Chapin (eight months), Burglary Plotters Jeb Magruder (seven months) and Egil Krogh (four months), Cover-Up Conspirator Charles Colson (seven months), Illegal Fund-Raiser Herbert Kalmbach (six months), John Dean (less than five months) and Dirty Trickster Donald Segretti (four months) seemed light to some, just to others.

Now another key figure in the historic incident is serving time: Frank Wills, the $80-a-week night-shift security guard who discovered the Watergate break-in and called police. Wills, 35, has been unemployed and living with his mother in North Augusta, S.C. Last week Wills was convicted just across the state line in Augusta, Ga., of shoplifting shoes. He said they were to be a gift for his son, 15. In any case, unlike almost all of the Watergate criminals, Wills got the maximum jail sentence: twelve months for stealing a $12 pair of sneakers. ■

Former Defense Minister Ariel Sharon gives a farewell speech to colleagues on the grounds of the ministry in Tel Aviv

World

MIDDLE EAST

Weathering the Storm

Begin survives, Sharon sulks and Gemayel asserts his authority

For virtually the first time since Israeli forces invaded Lebanon last June, the focus of U.S. attention in the Middle East shifted away from Lebanon and Israel briefly last week to the waters of the eastern Mediterranean, where the U.S. dispatched air and naval units. The move, clouded in secrecy and confusion, was prompted by reports that Libya's strongman, Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, was concentrating his military forces in the southeastern corner of his country, thereby appearing to threaten the neighboring states of Sudan and Chad and alarming the government of Egypt.

In spite of this unexpected distraction, Washington's main concern in the region was still the legacy of the fighting in Lebanon. In Israel, the government of Prime Minister Menachem Begin survived three no-confidence motions in the Knesset, all of them aimed at expressing the opposition's displeasure over the way in which the government had dealt with the recommendations of the independent commission charged with investigating the Beirut massacre of last September. In Lebanon, the fragile government of President Amin Gemayel accomplished the symbolic feat of replacing Christian militiamen on duty in Christian East Beirut with government soldiers for the first time since the Lebanese civil war began eight years ago. In Algiers, meanwhile, the Palestine National Council, the *de facto* parliament of the Palestine Liberation Organization, met for the first time since the forced departure of P.L.O. commandos from Beirut last summer.

Prime Minister Begin appeared to have solved, for the moment at least, the political crisis precipitated by the report's findings. He removed Ariel Sharon, the government official most criticized by the commission, as Defense Minister, but immediately named him a Minister Without Portfolio, thereby minimizing the damage to himself and to Sharon. As predicted, Begin then appointed Moshe Arens, Israel's Ambassador to the U.S. for the past year, as Sharon's replacement at the Defense Ministry. The result, as Interior Minister Yosef Burg put it, was that Begin had made no concessions "to the Americans or to the Arab world" or otherwise changed his government's policies.

Left unanswered was a very important question: How much influence would Begin permit Sharon to retain as a discredited but still influential member of the Cabinet? Sharon's relations with Begin are known to have deteriorated since the report was released two weeks ago. According to a friend, Sharon was "very insulted and frustrated" that Begin, who received an advance copy of the report, did not call his Defense Minister to offer either details or consolation. Sharon still says that he is returning to his farm in central Israel but will attend Cabinet meetings and undertake any assignment that is given him.

As a sort of parting shot, Sharon left yet another controversy behind. He warned top Israeli officers that the commission's report, by exacerbating Israel's existing internal and external tensions, could have the effect of deterring an Israeli government from launching a preemptive strike that might be needed to stop a hypothetical attack by combined Arab armies. The Jerusalem *Post*, which generally supports the opposition Labor Party, called Sharon's statement "so outrageous, so pernicious, that in normal times that alone would have been bad enough to cast him out of the Cabinet." The danger, it added, was that a potential enemy of Israel "might make the mistake of believing Sharon, not realizing that this man stops at nothing, not even at the attempted weakening of Israel's most basic

and sacred defense doctrines, to score cheap political points at home."

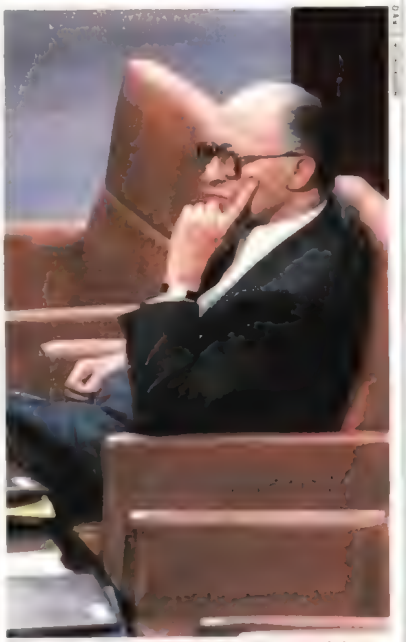
Though the opposition never had any hope of success, it went through the motions of trying to defeat the government in the Knesset. Labor Party Leader Shimon Peres recalled that when an independent commission criticized the Israeli military establishment for being unprepared to fight the 1973 war, Begin had declared that the responsibility fell on "the entire government" of Prime Minister Golda Meir. Begin replied last week that the situation had been entirely different in 1973, because at that time the existence of the state of Israel had been at stake. The Knesset rejected the three motions of no-confidence by a vote of 64 to 56.

Within the Cabinet, Sharon's critics, who include Deputy Prime Ministers Simcha Ehrlich and David Levy and Communications Minister Mordechai Zipori, will try to limit his influence. They were rarely successful while Sharon was Defense Minister; last summer he repeatedly made decisions concerning the war in Lebanon without consulting his Cabinet colleagues beforehand.

The appointment of Ambassador Arens to succeed Sharon was generally well received. Arens is a hard-liner who opposed the Camp David accords and the peace treaty with Egypt. In 1980 he refused a previous offer of the defense portfolio, in part because he did not want to preside over the dismantling of Israeli settlements in the Sinai. But he is more rational and disciplined than Sharon and, as a State Department official put it, more aware of "the necessity of the American link." The headline over a Jerusalem *Post* editorial, ARENS: A RELIEF, summed up the thinking of many Israelis. Even *Davar*, the trade union newspaper, which supports the Labor Party line, acknowledged that "Arens is more skilled in security matters than Begin and less dangerous than Sharon."

For a while last week, there were rumors that Begin was anxious to form a government of national unity, with several Labor Party leaders taking seats in the Cabinet. These reports were apparently part of a campaign by the Prime Minister to reassure, or perhaps confuse, those leaders of Begin's own Herut Party who saw themselves as future Prime Ministers and who feared that Arens, as Defense Minister, would become Begin's heir apparent.

If government and opposition leaders agreed on anything, it was in their revulsion over the rise of political violence that had led to the death of a Peace Now demonstrator, Emil Greenzweig, 33, in a hand-grenade explosion outside the Prime Minister's office in Jerusalem two weeks ago. Begin called the killing a "loathsome murder," while Deputy Foreign Minister Yehuda Ben-Meir of the National Religious Party told the Knesset how shocked he was when he saw TV reporting of "rabble" throwing stones at Peace Now demonstrators and then entering a hospital in an effort to prevent the injured from receiving medical care. Said Ben-Meir: "It is this that constitutes the real danger in Israel, not [P.L.O. Chairman Yasser] Arafat. Arafat we shall overcome."



Menachem Begin during the Knesset debate

Despite such expressions of grief on all sides, the government and opposition were unable to agree on a joint statement condemning the killing. The ruling Likud coalition passed a resolution calling on the public to "act in the spirit of the Jewish tradition of 'Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.' " The opposition resolution declared that Greenzweig had been "murdered as the result of a criminal attempt to attack freedom of speech and the foundations of democratic life." After the vote, Interior Minister Burg, whose son had been injured in the grenade attack, said that the Knesset's failure to produce a joint statement was "a discredit to us all."

In the meantime, while the Israeli government was preoccupied with its internal political problems, the Lebanese government was sending some 4,500 army troops into East Beirut. Ever since September, when the Lebanese army occupied Muslim West Beirut, Christian militiamen had remained in control of the predominantly Christian section of the city. Last week, after negotiations with the government of President Gemayel, the militia agreed to make way for the army. The agreement also called for the government to take over the "Fifth Basin," an illegal port where the militiamen have long collected import duties. In fact, even after the army takes over the Fifth Basin, the militia may continue to collect revenues there. The militiamen may have agreed to cooperate with the government, but they were not yet ready to put themselves out of business.

The curious relationship between Amin Gemayel and the Christian troops explains the delay in reaching an agreement. The Phalangist Party was founded by Amin's father Pierre, and its militia is the dominant group in the Lebanese Forces, the combined Christian militia. Amin's brother Bashir, who was assassinated last September a few days before he was due to be inaugurated as Lebanon's President, was head of the Lebanese Forces. But Amin Gemayel, who became President in his brother's place, was never as close to the militia as either Pierre or Bashir, and as President of Lebanon, Amin has been determined to assert the power of the central government over the whole of Lebanon. He cannot do much outside Beirut as long as the Israeli, Syrian and Palestinian forces occupy so much of his country, but last week he succeeded at least in unifying his capital city under a single command for the first time since 1975.

The militia commanders yielded to Amin's authority after suffering a series of setbacks. On Feb. 6, Druze fighters in the hills southeast of Beirut drove the militiamen from the town of Aley, for which

Soldiers of the Lebanese army take up positions in East Beirut for the first time in eight years

The delay was caused by the curious relationship between Amin Gemayel and the militia.

they have been battling since October. What made the defeat particularly bitter for the commanders was that the Druze had succeeded because the Israelis had prevented Christian reinforcements from reaching Aley. The Christians' relations with the Israelis have been in decline for some time, particularly as the result of Ariel Sharon's heavyhanded treatment of Phalangist elders, including Party Chief Pierre Gemayel, during a meeting last month. For their part, the Israelis are angry with Amin Gemayel for refusing to sign a peace treaty with them, and are trying to show him that he needs their support. But Gemayel is convinced that to sign such a treaty now would jeopardize Lebanon's relations with the rest of the Arab world.

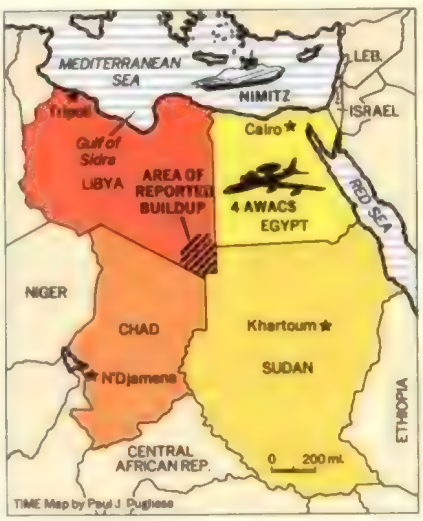
When the Israelis first learned of Amin's determination to send his army into East Beirut last week, they objected to delaying the move, saying that it must be coordinated with the Israeli Defense Forces. Lebanon's Foreign Minister, Elie Salem, a Christian, replied that the Lebanese army had "instructions to shoot and not to negotiate with outlaws." The Israelis did not press the argument, but on the day after the Lebanese army deployment, an Israeli tank patrol drove straight through a Lebanese army barricade in East Beirut, despite protests from the Lebanese soldiers on duty. Two days later, Israeli troops tried to disarm a French military convoy serving with the United Nations peace-keeping force in Lebanon.

As the Israeli-Lebanese troop-withdrawal negotiations remained stalled, there were signs that the Israelis and their surrogates were busy achieving one of their negotiating goals by force of arms. The Israelis have said that they want a 28-mile-wide zone along the Lebanese border with Israel to be set aside as a special security area, and that they expect it to be run either by Israeli military commanders or by Major Saad Haddad, a renegade Lebanese army officer who has controlled an area of southern Lebanon since 1979 with Israeli backing. Last week the Israelis transported Haddad and many of his 1,000 or so militiamen, together with their old Sherman tanks and aging American-made armored personnel carriers, in flatbed trucks all the way to the southern Lebanese port city of Sidon, some 20 miles north of the area Haddad normally controls. Boldly announcing that his "Free Lebanon" had been expanded to cover the boundaries of the 28-mile zone demanded by the Israelis, Haddad declared: "There is no need to proclaim our new state. This was one a long time ago." Haddad's assertion demonstrated how far Lebanon remains from the goal, proclaimed by both the Israelis and the Gemayel government, of once again becoming an independent, sovereign state. —*By William E. Smith. Reported by Harry Kelly/Jerusalem and Roberto Suro/Beirut*

A Tangled Exchange of Threats

When reporters at last week's press conference repeatedly questioned him about recent U.S. maneuvers in the Middle East, President Reagan stood firm. He denied "naval movement of any kind" and insisted that four AWACS radar planes had flown to Egypt only for routine "training exercises." But Administration officials had earlier leaked two disclosures: the planes were sent in response to anxiety about a Libyan military threat, and the U.S.S. *Nimitz* aircraft carrier, chaperoned by three escort vessels, had sailed away from Lebanon and toward Egypt. This was the same *Nimitz* from which, in August 1981, U.S. F-14 fighters had shot down two Libyan aircraft in the Gulf of Sidra.

In the context of suspected threats and shadowy doubts, the President's crossed signals were understandable. Indeed, the first "clarifications" after the press conference only added to the confusion. TIME has learned why the U.S. intelligence community and the Pentagon were concerned: after a period of relative quiet, Libyan Strongman Colonel Muammar Gaddafi, 40, has apparently returned to his waspish ways. In the past six weeks, he has placed additional military units on the Tunisian border, provoked religious strife in Nigeria, and sponsored terrorists in the Central African Republic. Each of those taunts was minor, but another apparently was not: a series of Gaddafi moves that the Administration perceived as a threat to neighboring Sudan. Reagan decided this was a timely moment for temporary exercises; the visit of the AWACS would silently, but eloquently, reassure U.S. allies and chasten Gaddafi. Moreover, the *Nimitz* and its planes have entered neither Libyan waters nor disputed airspace. If they do, swore a typically bellicose Gaddafi, the waters will become a "red gulf of blood."



The movements of the Libyan dictator are being closely monitored. About two weeks ago, in the remote southeast corner of Libya, where that country borders Egypt, Chad and Sudan, Gaddafi began to assemble tanks, troops, aircraft and equipment. The target of his destructive designs was unclear. Sudanese officials recently told Washington that Gaddafi was plotting an elaborate coup against their President Gaafar Nimeiri. Having trained Sudanese dissidents as his agents, Gaddafi planned air raids on Khartoum and a takeover of the capital's airport. Last week, however, the Sudanese disclosed that the Libyan-backed saboteurs had been arrested.

Sudan seems an inconvenient victim for Libyan aggression. The 1,700 miles of desert between Tripoli and Khartoum make supply lines impossible; moreover, Gaddafi would risk sparking the anger of Egypt, which has a mutual defense treaty with Sudan. Another possibility, according to many analysts, is that Gaddafi is training his sights on Chad. In November 1980, he sent Libyan troops to Chad to support former President Goukouni Oueddei in his struggle against former Defense Minister Hissène Habré. But after a 1981 withdrawal of Libyan troops, Habré, backed by Egypt, Israel, Sudan and the U.S., defeated Oueddei. Gaddafi is doubtless anxious to reinstall his ally.

Ironically, the country most violently disturbed by these machinations is the one least directly endangered by them: Egypt. President Hosni Mubarak is said to have responded almost hysterically to Gaddafi's most recent feints. At a closed-door meeting two weeks ago, he declared: "If a Third World War will ever start, it will start here—and now." The entire Egyptian air force has been put on general alert, and large army units have been deployed along the Libya-Sudan border. Nonetheless, Gaddafi's meddling seems tireless. Only four weeks ago, the Saudi government executed three officers who were accused of conspiring with Libyan agents to try to overthrow the Saudi royal family. Nobody can tell how and when, if at all, Gaddafi-prompted tremors will erupt. But Reagan's reference to "Libya's attempts to destabilize its neighbors" can be disputed by few.

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WEST GERMANY

Protest by the "New Class"

As the election nears, the Greens could hold the balance of power

Hundreds of tiny black, red and yellow West German flags fluttered amid the crowded banks of seats in the concrete-and-glass stadium in the Baltic port of Kiel. The odors of steaming sausage and green pea soup wafted from giant kettles in the corridors. Through the cheerful melee strode West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl, 52, shaking hands and exchanging greetings with some of the 6,000 supporters in attendance. From the podium, Kohl catalogued a variety of traditional conservative remedies for the social and economic ills of West Germany that arose, he said, during the rule of his Social Democratic predecessors, Willy Brandt and Helmut Schmidt. The Chancellor's voice rose to a shout as he reaffirmed a decision to deploy U.S.-built Pershing II and cruise missiles in the country if Geneva arms-limitation talks between the U.S. and the Soviet Union fail to achieve progress by December 1983.

At a packed press conference in Bonn, Hans-Jochen Vogel, 57, Kohl's Social Democrat opponent, vowed that "there will be no automatic deployment" of the controversial missiles if he wins the March 6 election. He said that if the U.S. and the Soviet Union did not make greater efforts to produce an agreement in Geneva, it would have a significant impact on his attitude toward deployment.

In the venerable city of Nuremberg, a rather different political rally was about to take place. Organizers for West Germany's radical minority party, the Greens (named after its environmentalist beginnings), scurried to ready the city's Meistersingerhalle for a bizarre three-day "war-crimes tribunal." Among those who would testify before an audience of Greens supporters and sympathizers were survivors of Nazi concentration camps and Hiroshima, antiwar activists and military experts from West Germany, the U.S. and other countries.

The purpose of the Nuremberg exercise, according to Petra Kelly,* 35, a founder of the Greens and a candidate for the West German Bundestag, was to indict "the world's five nuclear-weapons states, but mainly the U.S. and Russia." Said she: "What we are trying to do is to show that the very possession of nuclear weapons is a crime of immense proportions."

As West Germany entered the final, decisive weeks before its March 6 national elections, each of those disparate rallies had its own significance. At stake was control of the 519-seat Bundestag, a struggle dominated by the rivalry between Kohl's Christian Democrats and Vogel's Social Democrats. But for the first time, a powerful environmental and antinuclear movement, headed by the Greens, is threatening to take over the balance of electoral power in West Germany. That far from remote possibility would challenge the concept of nuclear deterrence within the NATO alliance, and would undermine a strategy that has given Western Europe three unprecedented decades of peace and prosperity. It is stirring concern that the much admired West German social consensus may be breaking down, inaugurating a period of paralyzing instability. Says Dominique Moïsi, an analyst at the French Institute of International Relations: "The fear is that profound change is going on in West German society."

According to the latest polls, Kohl's conservative Christian Democrats should win 48% of the vote and the Social Democrats 43%. The Free Democratic Party, which precipitated the change in government last October by shifting its allegiance from Schmidt's Social Democrats to Kohl's Christian Democrats, is given 4%. Unless sentiments change, however, the Greens may win 5%, thereby breaking the barrier necessary for representation in the Bundestag. If that happens, the protest movement will be the first left-wing fringe party in the postwar period to have a say in West German government.

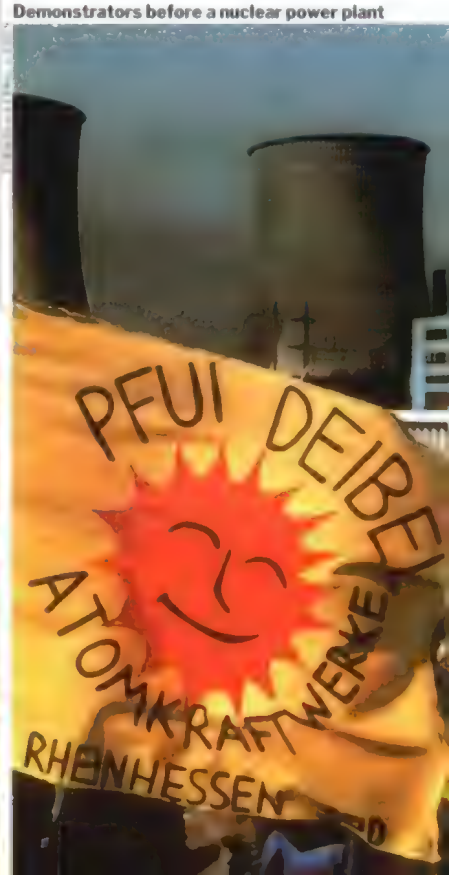
What both major parties fear specifically is that the Greens might oust the Free Democratic Party as the pivotal third force in the Bundestag. That will not matter if either Kohl's Christian Democratic Christian Social Union alliance or Vogel's Social Democrats win a majority. But it becomes a critical issue if neither party has enough strength to form a government on its own. The conservatives are not likely, under any circumstances, to make common cause with the Greens. The Greens have signaled that they could support a Social Democratic minority government on some issues, but in return for such backing they insist on concessions Vogel will not grant. Among them: the complete denuclearization, both military and commercial, of West Germany and perhaps even the disastrous step of withdrawal from NATO, which would almost certainly lead to the collapse of the alliance as it is now constituted.

The Greens, according to Activist

*Born in Germany of German parents, she got her name from her American stepfather, whom her mother married while he was stationed in Germany.

Green Candidate Petra Kelly at a campaign press conference in Nuremberg

Demonstrators before a nuclear power plant



Kelly, "are the antiparty, the party for those who are disillusioned, no, disgusted, with the way the government has been running this country." A decade ago, Kelly's denunciation of West German democracy might have been dismissed as mere ideological ranting. But the Greens seem to be only the most politically visible and potent part of a vast counterculture movement in West Germany that has reached extraordinary proportions.

West Germans refer to the broader phenomenon as the "alternative movement." Its numbers are estimated at between 4 million and 5 million, much larger than the 1.5 million to 2 million adherents of the Green Party itself. Thriving all over the country, the alternatives include squatters and punkers, doctors and lawyers, engineers and social workers, who have organized hundreds of communes in which they are attempting to define, as one of them puts it, "a culture alongside the traditional, confining German society." Joseph Huber, 34, a lecturer at Berlin's Free University and a philosopher of the alternative scene, sees this counterculture wave as a "new class" in West German society.

The movement's members are mostly under 35, although an older fringe of over-50s is also active. Most of them vigorously reject the traditional German work ethic, sense of order, loyalty to family and security in favor of nebulous concepts of self-determination and grass-roots activism. They oppose nuclear weapons and nuclear energy. The alternatives are passionate about a clean and safe environment, about women's rights as well as those of oppressed minorities like immigrant workers and homosexuals. Says Carl Amery, 60, Bavarian writer, environmentalist and Green Party member: "The alternative movement is trying to recapture the German warmth that was killed in the war years."

There are those for whom the counterculture movement is more frightening than laughable. They see in it a renaissance of an ancient streak of German romanticism, a form of escapism that too often has preceded political follies. For most West German conservatives, the Greens reflect old but recurring fears of the relentless advance of industrialism and urbanism that threaten the individual with a society of scientific management and assembly lines. With romantic and dangerously simplistic longing, the alternatives look to the lost past, to what they believe was a simpler, less corrupt world of noble motives and a pristine environment.

There is a strong nationalistic edge to the alternative movement. The counterculture's music is purely German, both rock tunes and the protest songs of peace groups. Decrying the U.S. is a constant theme.

Arthur Burns, the U.S. Ambassador to Bonn, is fond of complaining to West Germans that by neglecting to teach the history of the past 40 years—West German schoolbooks have tended to skip lightly over the Hitler and immediate postwar periods—the country has produced a generation with little or no historical perspective. In the eyes of West German youth who cannot remember the cold war or the Berlin airlift or the Korean War, there is really not much to distinguish between the U.S. and the Soviet Union. As a result, the vital Atlantic Alliance is sometimes questioned or even naïvely perceived as a fading and largely unnecessary relic.

West German intellectuals of the Marxist-oriented left are fascinated, puzzled but not attracted by the Greens. Says Werner Holzer, editor of the left-leaning *Frankfurter Rundschau*: "The intellectual left has remained aloof for the most part because of the Greens' unruly way of thinking." In their inarticulate way, the Greens, indeed, appear to be rejecting all the political ideologies of the past, including Marxism. Nonetheless, says Professor Richard Löwenthal of the Free University of Berlin, the Greens' thinking has been influenced by the Marxist teachers who are now established in West German universities. This influence has presumably helped turn the Greens against capitalism. Adds Löwenthal: "The leftists have not taught them how parliamentary democracy works or the importance of the legal system. They have not transmitted any of the utopian Marxist hope. The Old Left is responsible for the gaps in the Greens' education."

A painted protester

The rise of the Greens, beginning in 1979, came just as disillusionment with West Germany's three other established political parties was spreading. In the 1980 national elections, the Greens polled only 1.5% of the vote. Later the same year, in the state election in Baden-Württemberg, they won 5.3% and entered the state parliament. In quick succession came similar electoral breakthroughs in West Berlin, Lower Saxony, Hamburg and Hesse. In several of the state elections, the Greens ousted the Free Democrats as the third parliamentary party.

However inchoate and unrealistic their ultimate aims, the Greens have already left marks on the country. That Interior Minister Friedrich Zimmermann talks about saving dying German forests, that Social Democratic Leader Vogel now hedges on the missile issue, that the Free Democratic Party now champions the rights of foreign workers—all can be attributed to the political stimulus of the Greens. More than its Catholic counterpart, the Protestant Church has been moved to respond to the concerns of West German youths. The large-circulation press has been unable to ignore the pressures of the counterculture movement. A regular diet of environmental coverage is now a feature of such major magazines as *Stern* and *Der Spiegel*. Both publications have come out strongly against the deployment of new NATO missiles, a position closer to that of the Greens than of the Social Democrats.

By last autumn, according to opinion polls, the Greens enjoyed support from as much as 9% of the electorate. In recent months, though, they have fallen back. One reason is that the Social Democrats, under Vogel, have moved just far enough to the left on the NATO missile and economic issues to pick up some Greens supporters. Another reason is that, ironically enough, the Greens' moral credibility comes at the cost of their political credibility. Says a Munich tenants' rights organizer: "The Greens have trouble enough trying to find out what their supporters want, let alone having to deal with questions like how they will vote on unemployment programs." If the Greens fail to win 5% of the vote, their future as a political force will depend on whether Vogel's Social Democrats maintain their leftward drift. In short, the Greens will disturb the West German political scene as long as there is room on the left for a new generation of skeptical citizens with a dim sense of the past and a hazy vision of the future. *—By Frederick Painton. Reported by Roland Flamini and Gary Lee/Bonn*

Activists wearing mutant masks to represent the face of the world after nuclear war

TERRORISM

Fat Man, Tailor, Soldier, Spy

How the U.S. and Italy got the Mafia to help find General Dozier

On the evening of Dec. 17, 1981, Red Brigades terrorists kidnaped Brigadier General James Dozier, 50, the highest-ranking U.S. officer in NATO's southern Europe command, from his home in Verona. The abduction triggered the largest man hunt in Italy's history. Forty-two days later, Italian commandos stormed an apartment in Padua and freed the American general. It was a stunning piece of police work that won praise from around the world; it also marked the beginning of the end for the notorious terrorist group. But the full story of how the authorities found Dozier has never been revealed. American and Italian intelligence agencies, TIME has learned, turned to the Mafia for help in locating the general.

What occurred was a remarkable tale of triumphs and bungles, of Brooklyn *consiglieri* and Milan Mafiosi, of chases along New York City's Fifth Avenue and gun-toting criminals tailing intelligence agents along Italian *autostrade*. So secret was the operation that not even U.S. Ambassador to Italy Maxwell Rabb was aware of it until TIME Correspondent Jonathan Beaty, accompanied by Rome Correspondent Barry Kalb, questioned the diplomat two weeks ago. Beaty's report:

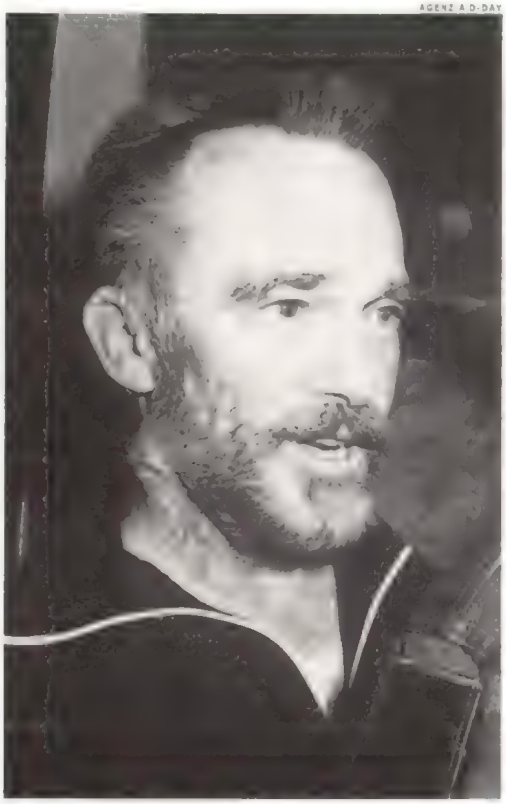
It took only two days for top officials at SISMI, the Italian intelligence agency, to decide that it might be useful to turn to the Mafia for help in finding General Dozier. Although the Mafia had long detested the Red Brigades, SISMI knew that there would be a public outcry if it was ever discovered that an Italian government agency had contacted the Mafia directly. Consequently, a more subtle plan was devised. An approach would be made to Mafiosi in the U.S., who would be asked to get in touch with their counterparts in Italy. Marcello Campione, then military attaché to the Italian mission at the United Nations, began making inquiries in New York Mafia circles. Working under a code name, "the Tailor," Campione was led to an influential Mafia *consigliere* in Brooklyn who makes his living by helping Italians move to the U.S. "The Fat Man," as the arranger is known in the underworld, agreed to put Campione in touch with a fugitive Mafioso from Italy who was hiding out in New York.

That contact turned out to be Dominic Lombino, 40, a lawyer from Milan whose clients had included Franchino Restelli, the northern Italian city's leading Mafioso. Jailed briefly in 1978 for his Mafia associations, Lombino fled to the U.S. in July 1981 when Italian authorities suddenly seized his passport, a signal that they were preparing to indict him. The Italian military attaché told Lombino that he could make a lot of money if he would help with the Dozier case. On Dec. 22, only five days after Dozier had been abducted, Lombino phoned the Fat Man and then Armando Sportelli, chief of SISMI's foreign operations in Rome. The word: Dozier was being held somewhere inside the triangle formed by the cities of Verona, Padua and Bologna. The next day, after more phone conversations with associates in Italy, Lombino was able to tell SISMI that the American general was definitely in Padua. Lombino did not know the precise location, but suggested that his old client Restelli, then imprisoned in Milan's notorious San Vittore prison for Mafia activities, might be able to come up with the address.

Attaché Campione quickly agreed. Over the Christmas holiday he developed a plan to sneak Lombino out of the U.S. and into Italy so that Lombino could talk with Restelli. Since Lombino was still a fugitive with no passport, the Italian official had to concoct a new identity for him. With the Fat Man's aid, Lombino acquired the Social Security number of an unwitting high school driver's education instructor from Brooklyn, while a cooperative priest in Manhattan provided him with false baptism records.

On Dec. 27, dressed in dark glasses, Levi's and running shoes, Lombino headed for the U.S. passport office on Manhattan's Fifth Avenue. Though he had been assured that there would be no problems, Lombino, now joined by Campione, nervously showed up an hour early to check out the area. They quickly spotted too many men wearing trench coats and reading newspapers. Sensing a trap, Lombino ran down the up escalators to the street and jumped into a cab before he could be captured. The startled Campione simply disappeared into the crowd.

AGENZIA D-DAY



The jubilant and still unshaven victim after his rescue

Triumphs and bungles from Brooklyn to Milan.

The pursuers turned out to be FBI agents who had learned that an Italian Mafia associate living illegally in New York was trying to obtain a false passport to return to Italy. Within hours, FBI agents were grilling both the Fat Man and Campione, demanding to know why the Italians were helping a fugitive Mafioso like Lombino. A panicky Campione called Sportelli in Rome to find out if he should tell the FBI the truth. The SISMI foreign-intelligence boss immediately called "M," the CIA agent in Rome who was serving as the agency's liaison in the Dozier case and explained the entire ploy.

The CIA was intrigued. It quickly called the FBI off the case and began negotiating directly with Lombino by phone. Lombino, however, no longer trusted SISMI. He insisted on U.S. protection as well as a pledge that he could legally return to the U.S. if he went to Italy and saw Restelli. The Justice Department approved the residency deal, and as a result, in early January 1982 Lombino made the first of two trips to the Washington, D.C., area to meet with CIA agents.

For unknown reasons, Lombino's trip to Italy was delayed. According to Italian intelligence sources, the problem was a rivalry between Campione and General Ninetto Lugaresi, the head of SISMI. Finally, on Jan. 23, Lombino boarded an Alitalia flight from New York's Kennedy Airport to Rome. Accompanied by Campione and wearing a wig as a disguise, he carried CIA-supplied papers in the name of Andrew Dimanso, the alias he was supposed to use in Italy. When the pair landed in Rome, they were met by the CIA's "M" and a cadre of American and Italian intelligence agents. Lombino was hustled away to a hotel a block from the U.S. embassy. Twice during the next day, he met with Franca Musi, a Red Brigades courier who had been captured two weeks earlier in Rome. The Italians thought that Musi,

whose family had underworld connections, might give valuable information to Lombino, but she claimed only to know that Dozier was being held somewhere in Padua.

It was now time to see Restelli. On the night of Jan. 26, Lombino climbed into a white Alfa Romeo with four Italian policemen and headed for Milan. Behind them was a second car carrying Campione and other SISMI officers. It was only part of the odd caravan that raced along the highway that night. The Italians were tailed by at least two Mercedes sedans filled with Mafia soldiers armed with machine guns. Their instructions: protect Lombino. When the improbable parade of motorists reached Milan, a CIA agent joined up as well.

The lawyer and SISMI agents then met with Restelli, who was brought out of jail especially for the conference, which took place in a police office in the Palace of Justice. "It is very important to America that we find the general," Lombino said to the Mafia leader. "Can you help us?"

The question did not exactly surprise Restelli. Lombino had already been in touch with him through intermediaries, and from his jail cell Restelli had dispatched his troops to track down leads. Restelli had also ordered the supply line of heroin to parts of the underworld cut off in order to encourage tips from addicts suddenly deprived of drugs. Restelli's presumption: in exchange for giving the authorities information on Dozier, he would receive more favorable treatment from the Italians. On Jan. 27, according to a participant at the meeting, Restelli gave the SISMI agents the address of the apartment building in which Dozier was being held.

His mission accomplished, Lombino returned to Rome. Next morning, Jan. 28, he was sitting in his room at the Hotel Boston with "M" when the word came: James Dozier had just been rescued in a daring raid at 2 Via Pindemonte, in the heart of Padua. "M" turned to Lombino and thanked him profusely for his help.

Since the rescue, U.S. officials have been careful to give full credit to the Italians. Both Rome and Washington have forcefully claimed that the success of the operation was the result of dogged police work and the confessions of Red Brigades members who had been captured during the six-week search for Dozier.

When first questioned by TIME two weeks ago about CIA and Mafia involvement in the rescue, Ambassador Rabb heatedly denied it. "I swear to God that nothing like this ever happened," the ambassador said. In fact, he insisted, he had spent much of his time fending off help from Washington, which kept trying to send to Italy a swarm of experts ranging from FBI agents to Pentagon tacticians. Some of the American aid was bizarre at best: during the last week of the search, TIME has learned, U.S. military officials brought to Rome a psychic who sent the carabinieri chasing after a futile lead. "They were coming through the windows, coming through the doors," recalled Rabb. "Everybody in the intelligence agencies wanted in, but this was a job for the Italians."

The key link: Milan Mafioso Franchino Restelli

Pup tent in which Dozier was held captive

When presented with evidence of Mafia involvement, Rabb offered to check with the embassy's CIA station chief. The ambassador returned 40 minutes later, looking embarrassed. He confirmed that SISMI had indeed made a deal with Lombino and that, after the U.S. had offered Lombino protection and a guarantee that he could return to the U.S., the Mafia lawyer had gone to Italy and met with "M." Rabb insisted that nothing had come of Lombino's aid. "It was a big fizz," the ambassador said. The FBI and the Justice Department refuse to confirm or deny the story, while the CIA offers a terse "no comment."

It may never be known just how valuable the Mafia's help was in finding Dozier. Rabb's explanation, which minimizes the Mafia's role, may be accurate. The Italian police did indeed make a series of key arrests just before the raid, and law-enforcement officials in Rome insist that these suspects helped lead them to Dozier. In the days just before the rescue, the trail was growing so hot that the police might have found the general without help from Restelli. On the other hand, Italian magistrates acknowledged that on Jan. 26 Restelli was secretly released from prison at the request of SISMI and the CIA to meet with officials in Milan. U.S. embassy personnel in Rome confirm that Dozier's whereabouts was not known until the night before the raid, which is when the Mafia leader reportedly gave the address to the Italians.

Today General Dozier is stationed at the U.S. Army base in Fort Knox, Ky. Marcello Campione, who clashed with the head of SISMI, has been dispatched to the Italian embassy in far-off Khartoum, the capital of Sudan. Franchino Restelli has been transferred from his Milan prison to a more hospitable jail in Parma. Dominic Lombino is back in New York, reportedly waiting for the Justice Department to approve the residency papers requested by the CIA. In Italy, trouble is brewing within SISMI about the sum of money, which turned out to be $500,000, that was promised to Lombino but that has apparently disappeared. And, oh yes, the Fat Man is still in Brooklyn, making arrangements for friends ■

The key address: 2 Via Pindemonte, after the successful raid

Hearing the news, the CIA agent turned to Lombino and thanked him profusely.

FRANCE

Crusader for the Arts

Flamboyant Minister Jack Lang draws mixed reviews

There was nothing modest about the idea, and when the 350 cultural superstars finally left Paris last week after a glittering two-day conference on Creation and Development, it was clear that there had been nothing modest about their deliberations. Lodged in luxury hotels at the expense of François Mitterrand's Socialist government, the high-powered conventioneers gathered in the Sorbonne's venerable amphitheater to ponder their curious subject: cultural solutions to the world's economic crisis.

Under frescoed portraits of Diderot and Voltaire, luminaries ranging from Nobel Laureate Gabriel García Márquez to Novelists Norman Mailer and William Styron and Actress Sophia Loren debated such topics as state control of the arts and the unemployment crisis. In between they supped at the Foreign Ministry and lunched with Mitterrand. So dazzling was the cast that even the stars sometimes seemed overwhelmed. Said Film Director Francis Ford Coppola: "The people here are incredible. It's like a college—a very good college." The meeting, Italian Theater Director Giorgio Strehler concluded grandly in his summation, had provoked awareness "of the need to create a new place for research, for creation, for hope."

But while rhetoric flowed freely, the conference fell notably short on productive debate. In his closing address Mitterrand called for a New Renaissance, claiming that "the originality of the French idea lies there, at the intersection of technology and creativity." From such high-minded but vague declarations the colloquium often descended into special pleading and ideological posturing. Novelist Mary McCarthy called on the French government to permit Poland's Radio Solidarity to broadcast in France. Feminist Kate Millett deplored the "severe lack of representation of women" at the meeting (85 out of 350). U.S. cultural "imperialism," particularly in the form of the internationally popular TV show *Dallas*, was repeatedly attacked. Not a few guests foundered on the generalities and the pretension. The grandiose talkathon, hinted one American participant, mainly "reflects how many people are still willing to accept a free ticket to Paris."

Such spectaculars have become a hallmark of France's lavish new investment in the arts, and the personal signature of Mitterrand's flamboyant and popular Minister of Culture, Jack Lang, 43.* Dapper in his close-cut suits, possessed of boyish good looks and dark curls that seem to stir women, Lang has ambitious plans for the arts in Socialist France. "Our goal," he says, "is to transform all of France into a cultural work site." The transformation of the budget has been dramatic. In 1981, under President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, the Ministry of Culture received $500 million, or .47% of the national budget; this year the figure has shot up to $1.05 billion, .78% of the total. (In contrast, Washington allocates only $500 million, or .06% of the federal budget, to the arts.) But Lang's campaign to rejuvenate France's cultural life has also depended on vengeful attacks on U.S. cultural "imperialism" that even many French intellectuals find embarrassing.

Lang with Actress Sophia Loren

Whatever the merits of Lang's efforts, they have certainly been visible—and audible. Last year, for example, he decided that the French should mark the summer solstice with a national "musical festival" in which everyone would simultaneously pluck, pound, tingle and bow musical instruments as church bells rang and neighborhood salsa bands played. Right on cue, 5 million French joined in an exuberant celebration that banged on from 8:30 p.m. until well past midnight. Lang has filled the once empty courtyard of Paris' staid Louvre museum with exhibitions of new French fashions, displayed to the thump of disco rhythms. A troupe from the Comédie Française has played in the Paris subways. Still to come are an ambitious new "people's" opera house for the Place de la Bastille, a new ballet school for Marseille and a dance conservatory for Lyon. And, seemingly everywhere, there is Lang himself: listening to the raucous new-wave bands, paging through displays at the annual comic book exhibition at Angoulême, inspecting Grenoble's art museum.

Lang's evangelizing has boosted him to fourth place in popularity among the Mitterrand Cabinet's 35 ministers. That appeal, however, is due in part to his often gratuitous attacks on U.S. influences. For two years in a row, Lang has bypassed the American film festival at Deauville, a major annual event, to visit more obscure French art projects in provincial towns. In a burst of chauvinism that seemed calculated to stir Third World sympathies, Lang called, at a UNESCO conference last summer, for a crusade against U.S. cultural "imperialists" who "want to impose a uniform way of life on the entire planet." In response, Lang prescribes government subsidies for local talent, and favors requiring that 60% of films broadcast on French television be French produced. His attacks on American films, which dominate French television and movie houses, have astonished many cultural leaders in France. They argue that American influences have stimulated French creativity. Replies Lang: "All I'm doing is recognizing that the North American film industry is large and penetrates the European market. So who's declaring war on whom?"

His polemical style comes naturally. A lawyer by training, Lang founded the experimental World Festival of The-

*Although the usual French spelling is *Jacques*, Lang's birth certificate actually says *Jack*—probably the result, he says, of Anglo-Saxon influences pervading France in 1939.

Americans in Paris: Director Arthur Penn, Novelists Styron and Mailer

Deteriorating into empty rhetoric and ideological posturing.

ater in the northeastern city of Nancy when he was only 22. In 1972 he was called to Paris to revitalize the musty Chaillot theater. In the process of gutting the building's ornate interior during renovations, Lang created huge cost overruns and caused a scandal. Recalls a colleague bitterly: "He turned a great theater into a garage." Then Minister of Culture Michel Guy fired Lang, who capitalized on the insult by joining the Socialist Party. In 1978, Mitterrand, who was still leader of the opposition, made him his cultural adviser.

Lang's colleagues credit him with a brilliant overhaul of Mitterrand's dour image, thereby helping him win the presidency in 1981. Lang supposedly urged Mitterrand to undergo cosmetic dentistry to trim his protruding incisors, and inspired a soothing campaign poster that placed Mitterrand in a bucolic setting. The inauguration ceremonies were likewise choreographed by Lang. As Mitterrand slowly descended the steps of Paris' Panthéon with a rose, his party's symbol, in hand, the Orchestre de Paris played Beethoven's *Ode to Joy*.

The theatrical flourishes and Lang's high-profile politicking lead some critics to wonder how much France's tentative steps toward cultural vigor are really owed to his efforts. Preoccupied for decades with repairing neglected architecture and refurbishing its vast museums, France has only lately had the time to encourage contemporary arts. Yet it can be argued that Mitterrand's predecessors oversaw greater strides in the arts than anything Lang has yet produced. The most notable example: the Georges Pompidou Center, which opened in January 1977 and which, according to its former curator, Pontus Hulten, "has more than any change in government brought art and artists back to Paris."

There is little evidence to show that culture in France is on the spectacular rebound advertised by Lang. Although critics are impressed by a younger generation of painters, few of them are of international caliber. Despite an 800% increase in subsidies to the film industry, which has sparked a rash of new productions, there was an 11% decline in the number of feature films exported from 1980 to 1981. While Lang has been blasting U.S. television for imposing cultural uniformity, France's state-owned television has just bought 25 more installments of *Dallas*.

Lang responds that the essential change he has brought is one of mood. "For the first time in a long time," he says, "the intellectual, artistic and scientific worlds here realize that this is their government, that it's behind them." Whatever benefits a change in mood may bring, Lang's rhetoric would be more convincing if it were backed by greater results. Meantime, less carping about pernicious foreign influences, and a moratorium on international conferences on culture, might add to his credibility. —*By Kenneth W. Banta. Reported by William Blaylock and Pamela Schirmeister/Paris*

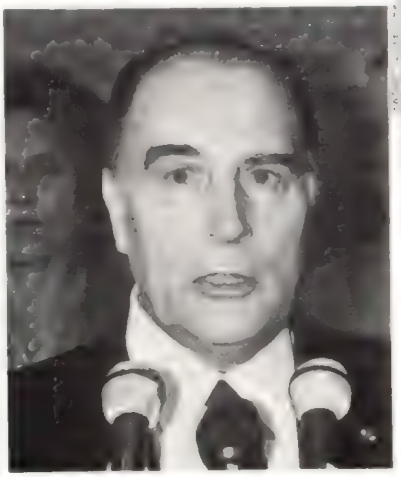
Local Affair

A test for Mitterrand

For weeks residents of the Mediterranean port of Nice have been enjoying striptease by billboard. It began last month, when large signs appeared displaying a bikini-clad blond against the backdrop of the resort's famed beachfront. She pledged in large letters to TAKE IT OFF, and indeed in the next installment her top was gone. When, in the billboard's third version, the bathing beauty finally showed up in the altogether, the accompanying slogan read: AS PROMISED AFTER 21 MONTHS OF SOCIALISM, I'VE GOT NOTHING LEFT.

That political "exposé" was the work of Nice's neo-Gaullist mayor, Jacques Médecin, who, like the rest of France's leading politicians, has been furiously campaigning for the municipal elections that will be held on March 6 and 13. The vote is a local affair to choose councilmen and mayors for the country's 36,400 municipalities, but it has assumed the dimensions of a national referendum on President François Mitterrand's 21-month-old Socialist experiment. The Socialists and their Communist allies in the government are expected to lose anywhere from ten to 40 of the 154 municipalities they control among France's 219 cities with populations of more than 30,000.

Confident of gaining ground, the center-right opposition stepped up its attack last week. Neo-Gaullist Leader and Paris Mayor Jacques Chirac told supporters, who had gathered in a drab, working-class district of the capital, that the Socialists and Communists were "consummate artists when it comes to lying." Former Premier Raymond Barre blasted the government for the "cacophony" of its contradictory policies. Mitterrand remained above the fray, but Socialist First Secretary Lionel Jospin and Communist Boss Georges Marchais tried to drum up the loyal leftist vote in the suburban industrial "Red belt" around Paris. Marchais told a rally in Communist-controlled Villejuif, "The right is dangerous! We must throw all our forces into battle!"



President Mitterrand facing reporters

At issue: the Socialist economic record.

Paris Mayor Chirac during a rally

At the heart of the election campaign is the Socialist economic record. The government began with a quixotic attempt to spend the country out of a recession. When inflation started to leap out of control, the government switched directions, clamping on a four-month wage and price freeze and then imposing an austerity program that limited wage increases and lowered unemployment benefits. One of the right's most damning accusations is that middle-class Frenchmen have suffered a net loss of purchasing power under the Socialists.

In defending the government's record, Premier Pierre Mauroy points out proudly that inflation has been brought down to 9.7%, the first single-digit rate since 1978. Mauroy can also justly claim that he has "stabilized" unemployment at about 2.1 million, or 8.9% of the work force, *vs.* 1.66 million, or 7.2%, under former President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. But the cost has been considerable. The French franc has lost 32% of its value against the dollar since the Socialists were elected in May 1981. The foreign trade deficit has increased about 50%, to $12.7 billion, and the accumulated foreign debt rose to an estimated $37 billion at the end of 1982, compared with $25 billion in 1980. Giscard, who has been campaigning for local candidates, charges that this indebtedness represents an economic threat to French sovereignty.

Off-year political elections traditionally give French voters a chance to show discontent with the government without risking national political upheaval. Giscard has hinted that the government should respond to a serious setback in the municipal elections by dissolving parliament and seeking a new national mandate. But the former President did not do that when his coalition was trounced in the 1977 municipal elections, and there is every reason to believe that Mitterrand will respect that precedent no matter how poorly the left does next month. ■

EL SALVADOR

The U.S. Stays the Course

Washington emphatically says no to talks with the guerrillas

"Let them shoot their way into the government? No dice!" That was the crisp response of Secretary of State George Shultz last week as he traded views with members of the House Foreign Affairs Committee over the nettlesome issue of El Salvador. For what seemed to be the umpteenth time, some of the committee's members, led by Republican Congressman Jim Leach of Iowa and Democratic Congressman Stephen J. Solarz of New York, had suggested that the Reagan Administration agree to negotiations on power sharing between the beleaguered Salvadoran government and opposing Marxist-led guerrillas as a way to end the Central American country's three-year civil war. Shultz's reply: "The guerrillas are busy upsetting people in El Salvador, creating hell, shooting their way around. They are responsible for the levels of violence and difficulty in that country. If they want to take part in a civilized way in the activities of that country, they are welcome to do that."

The exchange had an all too familiar ring. Once again a small but vocal number of U.S. legislators were expressing their skepticism at Reagan Administration policy in El Salvador. Once again the Administration was insisting that its combination of support for electoral democracy, social reform and human rights, together with sizable doses of military aid ($26 million for fiscal 1983, $86 million proposed for 1984), was the only solution that could prevent a Communist takeover.

The challenge to Administration policy was a minor but troubling one. For the moment at least, congressional opposition is not as strong as it may appear. The majority of U.S. legislators are trying to ignore the prickly El Salvador issue. Explained Leach: "In the public mind, there's a great wish that the issue would go away. Like Viet Nam, it's something we'd like to forget. But, like any issue, some people won't let it be forgotten, some for political reasons, some for humanitarian."

One of those critics, Massachusetts Democrat Gerry Studds, earlier this month persuaded 93 Congressmen to cosponsor a resolution that would cut off all U.S. military aid to El Salvador on the grounds that the Reagan Administration was mistaken in claiming that there had been significant human rights progress in the country. Studds, who speaks from personal conviction, finds echoes of Viet Nam in the Salvadoran situation. Says he: "The U.S. is backing itself into a corner. There's overwhelming public opposition to the Administration's policy."

Guerrillas near the besieged town of Suchitoto view the corpse of a Salvadoran army soldier

"It's really a two-front war. One front is in Washington, one in El Salvador."

Whether or not that is true, the congressional tug of war neatly spotlighted one of the Reagan Administration's chief dilemmas in El Salvador. Says Democratic Congressman Peter Kostmayer of Pennsylvania, a self-styled "realistic pessimist" who supports the option of negotiating with the guerrillas but recognizes that they must also lay down their arms: "It's really a two-front war. One front is in Washington, one in El Salvador. The Administration is losing on both fronts."

Not really. The latest bout of congressional querulousness was partly inspired by disappointing news from the Salvadoran battlefront. In the town of Suchitoto (pop. about 11,000), 27 miles from the capital of San Salvador, hundreds of guerrilla members of the Faribundo Marti National Liberation Front (F.M.L.N.) last week were continuing a prolonged attack against a garrison of 150 to 200 national guardsmen and police. All access roads to the town were cut off. Within the besieged area, food, medicines and potable water were growing scarce, and civilian refugees could escape from the fighting only by rowboat across a nearby reservoir. Bragged an F.M.L.N. commander: "The puppet forces of the dictatorship do not have a coherent strategy to combat our forces. They are confused as to whether they should concentrate and fight us or disperse into smaller groups."

The guerrillas were intent on repeating a psychological triumph of three weeks ago, when they occupied the virtually undefended provincial center of Berlín for three days, then retreated before the belated arrival of Salvadoran army reinforcements. U.S. officials in El Salvador discounted the showy guerrilla actions as armed propaganda exercises, producing results that were militarily worthless even though psychologically valuable. Nonetheless, as a senior American official admitted, "the guerrillas are getting better at what they're doing. They have better coordination, better timing between their operations."

Much of the blame for the guerrillas' success is placed on Salvadoran Defense Minister José Guillermo García. Ignoring U.S. military advice, García has wasted the energies of the 22,000-man Salvadoran army on massive and fruitless sweep operations in the hinterlands, while allowing the guerrillas to exercise their mobility fully in economic sabotage and spectacular urban takeovers. Says a Western military analyst in El Salvador: "There has to be a complete shake-up over at the Salvadoran high command, and a lot of changes within about 60 days, or this thing is going to get a whole lot worse." By some accounts, García may be ousted relatively soon by El Salvador's Provisional President, Alvaro Alfredo Magaña. Among other changes that may be necessary are a further increase in U.S. military aid and a boost in the number of U.S. military advisers in the country from the current 40 or so. Insists U.S. Ambassador to El Salvador Deane Hinton: "The Salvadoran army today, compared to what it was two or three years ago, is a much better army. It is not changing fast enough for some impatient Americans, but it's changing."

News from the political front in El Salvador has been slightly more heartening. After months of complicated maneuvering, members of the country's freely elected Constituent Assembly have succeeded in neutralizing that body's ultrarightist President, Roberto d'Aubuisson, 39. Long accused of being a stumbling

block to social and economic reform, D'Aubuisson has been foiled in recent attempts to fill key government posts with members of his ARENA party.

Small as those changes may seem, they give impetus to the prospect, staunchly upheld by the Reagan Administration, that the electoral process offers the best hope for El Salvador's future. U.S. policy, officials point out, should be long term, notwithstanding congressional impatience and occasional setbacks in El Salvador. Says a senior State Department official: "There has been a lot of pulling and tugging, but [the Salvadoran government] has not faltered in moving toward the creation of full democratic institutions."

The greatest danger to that trend probably still lies with the debate on Capitol Hill. The persistent discussions among U.S. legislators over negotiations with the F.M.L.N. have produced a noticeable erosion of Salvadoran morale, one that could, over time, lead to a government collapse and a rebel victory. Complains Hugo Carillo, first secretary of the Salvadoran Constituent Assembly: "U.S. policy on El Salvador proceeds on two levels, and unfortunately they do not meet. There is the policy of the State Department and the White House and there is the foreign policy of the Congress. The Congress is trying to play politics with our problem."

Another hazard is a growing antipathy among Congressmen of all political persuasions toward U.S. foreign aid in general. A key element of F.M.L.N. strategy has been to conduct attacks on the Salvadoran economic infrastructure, even though the greatest burden of those assaults falls upon the poor that the guerrillas claim to represent. To counter that effort Washington has offered El Salvador economic aid that far outstrips its military support: in fiscal 1983, the U.S. gave $105 million in Salvadoran economic aid, and the Administration now wants an additional $35 million. But Congress refused to pass the Administration's overall foreign aid bill last year and is likely to repeat that action this year. As a result, aid to El Salvador may not rise above the current level.

The irony is that congressional skepticism about the Reagan Administration policy is, as Secretary of State Shultz pointed out, playing directly into the hands of the guerrillas. The F.M.L.N. has long held negotiated power sharing to be its chief war aim. Says Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs Thomas O. Enders: "I see no way that you can bring direct talks by force without simply destroying the government." One of the many painful paradoxes of El Salvador is that the Reagan Administration is being taken most severely to task for insisting that ballots, rather than bullets, should decide the fate of the country. —*By George Russell. Reported by Timothy Loughran/San Salvador and Evan Thomas/Washington*

BANGLADESH

Death and Islam

New decrees lead to rioting

It began as an angry demonstration by leftist students at the University of Dhaka against the military regime of Lieut. General H.M. Ershad, 53. Shouting "Deception!" and "Food first, language second, generals last!" hundreds of students last week marched into the streets of Dhaka in open defiance of martial law. When the students ignored orders to return to the campus, police shot tear-gas canisters into the crowd, which was armed with bricks, hockey sticks and knives. Throughout the day, as fighting spread to other Bangladesh cities, bands of students continued guerrilla-style raids, beating civilians, burning shops and attacking buses. By the time the army had restored order, three people were dead and 300 wounded in the worst violence since Ershad took power in a bloodless coup eleven months ago.

A major clash between the military government and the nation's student community had been brewing since Jan. 14, the day Ershad announced, in a burst of religious enthusiasm, that the Koran would be read this year at Feb. 21 ceremonies honoring Bengalis killed in 1951, when the fight for independence from Pakistan began. Said Ershad: "The ideals and principles of Islam will be reflected in every sphere of state and national life." Ershad's statement shocked the nation and especially incensed Bangladesh's non-Muslim minority (10% of the population), who saw it as a betrayal of the founding principles of the state.

The political turmoil currently gripping Bangladesh is the latest blow to a country already staggering under huge social and economic problems. Covering an area the size of Wisconsin, Bangladesh has 94 million people, nearly half of them under 16 years old. Desperately poor (per capita income: $123), the country has received more than $10 billion in aid over the past decade, including a total of $1.2 billion this year from Japan, the U.S. and the World Bank.

Despite the furor over his Islamization plans, Ershad has made an impressive start on Bangladesh's troubles. He has revitalized the private sector by returning more than 300 industrial enterprises to private ownership. Ershad has jailed seven former Cabinet ministers on charges of corruption. He has reduced the price of such staples as rice, sugar and wheat, and he hopes to raise food-grain output 25% by 1986, mostly by introducing higher-yield crops.

Ershad has promised to return the country to parliamentary democracy, though no timetable has been announced. Although he was once considered relatively lenient with students and the press, he has, however, cracked down on anyone suspected of subversion. Since the beginning of the year, more than 200 dissidents have been jailed. Last week 30 top opposition leaders were arrested at the home of Kamal Hossain, a former Foreign Minister and the author of the country's constitution. All were charged with holding an unlawful political meeting and encouraging student unrest.

Meanwhile, the rebelling students showed no indication of giving up the fight against Islamization. "Religion is in the heart," said Muslim Student Leader Ahmed Mauzeem. "Islam is not a government, and we are not Bedouin kings walking around with oil under our feet." The government showed no signs of softening, either. The nationwide curfew was extended from 6 p.m. to 6 a.m. All six of Bangladesh's universities were closed, and both students and security forces were bracing for a possible reprise of last week's rioting. ■

Helmeted police, flanked by water cannon, move on rock-throwing students at Dhaka University

In defiance of martial law, hundreds marched through the streets shouting "Deception!"

PALESTINIANS

Unity, with a High Price Tag

Arafat carries the day, but without backing the Reagan initiative

Wearing his customary checkered kaffiyeh, Yasser Arafat rose to the podium as the 355 delegates and 4,000 invited guests cheered with rhythmic applause. Predictably, he assailed the Israeli invasion of Lebanon last summer and vowed that the Palestine Liberation Organization would fight on until "the Palestinian flag is hoisted atop the mosques and churches of Jerusalem." The rousing opening speech by the P.L.O. chairman brought a standing ovation at the Palestine National Council's meeting in Algiers last week. Sitting in the front row during later sessions, Arafat ebulliently hugged and kissed a long parade of well-wishers who had come to encourage the Palestinian movement. He even had warm embraces for his radical rivals in the P.L.O. when they took their turns at the speaker's rostrum.

The gathering at the Club des Pins, a seaside oasis outside the Algerian capital, was the first by the P.L.O.'s unofficial parliament-in-exile since the organization's military defeat by Israeli forces and the subsequent evacuation of its fighters from Beirut last August. Amid the tearful reunions, there was a defiant sense of triumph that the meeting was taking place at all, a public affirmation that the P.L.O. had not been destroyed by Israeli military might. Declared P.L.O. Spokesman Ahmed Abdel Rahman: "This meeting is an open message to the Arab world, to the U.S., and above all to Israel that we are still alive. Now, what are you going to do?"

In reality, Arafat, 53, and his colleagues had small reason to rejoice. Palestinian fortunes have not looked so bleak since Arafat took control of the shattered and dispirited organization following the 1967 Middle East war. The delegates, representing 4 million Palestinians dispersed among some 90 countries around the world, had come to make a number of fateful choices. Foremost among them was how to deal with President Reagan's Sept. 1 peace plan. The proposal calls for self-government, though not statehood, for the Israeli-occupied territories of the West Bank and Gaza Strip, in association with Jordan. The U.S. and Israel have both ruled out P.L.O. participation in any peace negotiations, but Washington has urged the P.L.O. to allow Jordan's King Hussein to begin talks with Israel on behalf of the Palestinian population in the territories.

Arafat has responded cautiously, noting that while the plan did not meet the P.L.O. objective of an independent state, it did contain "positive elements." He is well aware of the growing fear among Palestinian moderates both in and out of the P.L.O. that time is running out if the occupied territories are to be salvaged from encroaching Jewish settlements or outright Israeli annexation. West Bank Palestinians, who followed the proceedings in Algiers last week with rapt attention, sent Arafat a petition reaffirming their confidence in his leadership and in effect urging that the P.L.O. back King Hussein's entry into negotiations. Editorialized *Al Quds*, an Arabic-language daily published in Jerusalem: "There is now a real opportunity that should not be missed."

NOGUES SYGMA

P.L.O. Leader Arafat addressing Palestinians in Algiers

Embraces, rousing speeches, ambiguous decisions.

But Arafat was caught in his usual dilemma. He needed a strong show of support in Algiers to give Hussein at least a tacit go-ahead. At the same time, he wanted to preserve a P.L.O. position ambiguous enough to satisfy the hard-liners who oppose the Reagan plan or any other concessions to reach a real peace in the Middle East. The danger was that the P.L.O., a loose coalition of eight groups that run the gamut from Arafat's own moderate Fatah organization to the hard-line Marxist Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine led by George Habash, would emerge from Algiers even more divided than it already is. To guard against any real threat to his leadership, Arafat made sure that thousands of Fatah supporters turned out from all over the world.

The precaution proved to be unnecessary. In a series of heated discussions before the public meetings began, the P.L.O.'s 15-member executive committee hammered out its positions in private. The organization's leaders agreed first of all that a show of unity was absolutely essential for the P.L.O.'s survival. Arafat then got his associates to agree that the Reagan initiative would not be rejected outright. Instead, the leaders condemned the plan as "insufficient to meet the whole aspirations of the Palestinian people." Arafat refused to give King Hussein a specific mandate to negotiate on behalf of the P.L.O. In fact, TIME has learned that the P.L.O. will accept direct negotiations between the U.S. and Palestinian officials in the West Bank, thus bypassing Jordan, Israel and even the P.L.O. Arafat and the moderates also won approval of a proposal adopted at the Arab summit in Fez, Morocco, last fall that called for peaceful coexistence between Israel and all Arab states, in effect giving tacit recognition to Israel's right to exist.

Having won the day beforehand, Arafat patiently sat back and let the radicals speak their minds. For many delegates, however, the trauma of Beirut was enough to ensure their loyalty. Said a Palestinian delegate: "He was surrounded for 80 days in Beirut and as far as I am concerned, he won. We are all with him." Perhaps the most telling moment of the meeting came when Habash delivered a ringing denunciation of the "shameful and disgraceful Reagan plan." Said he: "We did not pay the price of blood in Beirut to record an American diplomatic victory." But then, turning to his old rival Arafat, Habash pointedly called for P.L.O. unity and declared: "Arafat is our symbol."

However reasonable Arafat's approach may have seemed, the P.L.O. was still not prepared to make the concessions necessary to help the U.S. pursue its plan for a peaceful solution to the conflict in the Middle East. The P.L.O.'s failure to come out more unambiguously in favor of Reagan's proposal, which has been rejected by the Israeli government, may make it more difficult for the U.S. to pressure Israel to freeze construction of Jewish settlements in the West Bank and to open negotiations with King Hussein. If neither Israel nor the P.L.O. soon makes a courageous gesture toward peace, the slight hope that emerged after the invasion of Lebanon last year will have evaporated. —*By Marguerite Johnson. Reported by William Stewart/Algiers*

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$7990. Rabbit GTI includes 12-month unlimited mileage, limited warranty. Mfr's suggested retail price. Transportation, taxes, registration, dealer prep additional. Air conditioning

It compensates for the

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Or squirted the windshield instead of lighting the headlights.

Or missed the brake pedal.

Putting controls in the best possible place to fit the driver to the car is a science called ergonomics.

And in a high performance car like the Rabbit GTI, it's vitally important.

Sit inside, you'll see what we mean.

Our engineers designed a tach and speedometer you can read instantly.

The GTI's steering wheel and column—in fact every VW's steering wheel and column—are designed around the length of your finger.

The wheel is thick, but easy to hold.

and radio optional.

Seatbelts save lives

fact that you're human.

The horn, turn signals, wipers, and high beams are but one finger away.

(That way your other nine stay on the wheel where they belong.)

If you drop your right hand outside your knee it falls square on the shifter.

A Volkswagen won't talk to you.

We don't have fancy light displays in place of a functional dashboard.

We ring you and buzz you as seldom as the law allows.

In a Volkswagen Rabbit GTI even our seats don't just sit there. The design, position, even the fabric play a part to make you a better driver. Engineers at VW even saw to it that the seats are quite attractive.

After all, they're only human.

Nothing else is a Volkswagen.

Here Comes the Recovery!

So says TIME's *Board of Economists, unless big deficits stunt the upturn*

After 19 months of dashed hopes, false starts and deepening despair, the most serious recession since the Great Depression is finally coming to an end. That was the unanimous prediction of TIME's Board of Economists, which met last week in New York City. Said Otto Eckstein, chairman of Data Resources, a Lexington, Mass., economic consulting firm: "The recovery is clearly upon us." Added University of Minnesota Professor Walter Heller, who has been a stern critic of the Administration's economic policies: "For once I agree with President Reagan. The seeds of recovery are sprouting."

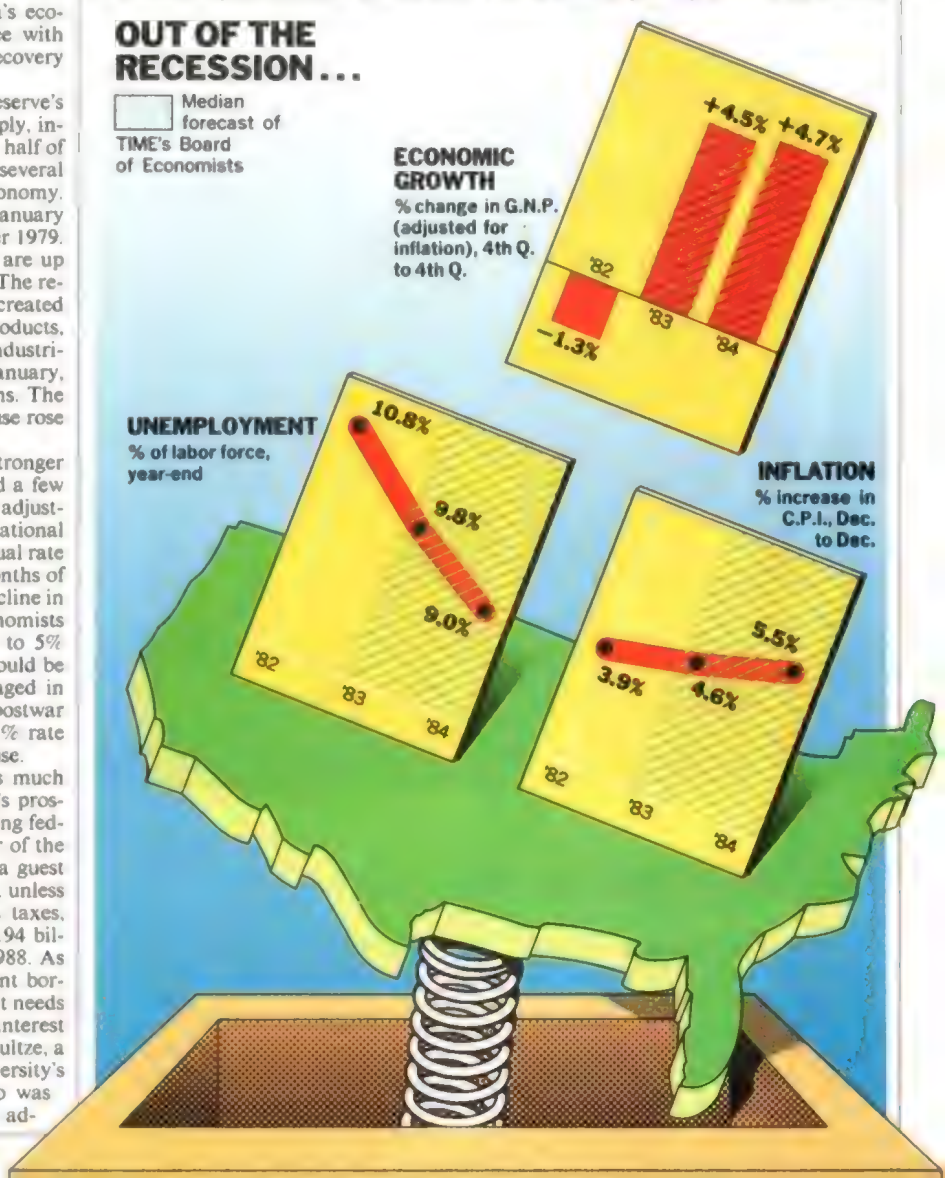
Prodded by the Federal Reserve's rapid expansion of the money supply, interest rates fell throughout the last half of 1982. That had a tonic effect on several long-depressed sectors of the economy. New home starts surged 36% in January to the highest level since September 1979. Sales of U.S.-made cars this year are up 8% from the same period in 1982. The rebound in housing and autos has created demand for a broad spectrum of products, from steel to toilet bowls. Overall industrial production jumped by .9% in January, its first sharp rise in eleven months. The percentage of factory capacity in use rose a heartening half-point, to 67.8%.

TIME's economists foresee a stronger recovery than forecasters expected a few weeks ago. Real growth—after adjustment for inflation—in the gross national product could reach a healthy annual rate of about 4.5% in the first three months of the year, compared with a 2.5% decline in the last quarter of 1982. The economists expect growth to stay in the 4% to 5% range for the rest of 1983. That would be slower than the 7% growth averaged in the first year following previous postwar recessions, but faster than the 3.1% rate for 1983 forecast by the White House.

Beyond 1983, TIME's board is much less confident about the economy's prospects. Reason: the specter of swelling federal deficits. Alice Rivlin, director of the Congressional Budget Office and a guest participant last week, warned that unless Congress cuts spending or raises taxes, the budget gap will bulge from $194 billion this year to $267 billion by 1988. As the economy recovers, Government borrowing could collide with the credit needs of private business and drive up interest rates once again. Said Charles Schultze, a visiting professor at Stanford University's Graduate School of Business who was President Carter's chief economic adviser: "We may have an explosive mixture of tight monetary policy, high interest rates and deficits that would make it difficult to sustain the recovery."

In the short run, however, the economy appears poised for takeoff. Companies have trimmed inventories down to low levels and are beginning to recall laid-off workers to rev up production again. Though that helped bring the unemployment rate down to 10.4% last month from its December peak of 10.8%, TIME's economists believe that such a sharp drop may have been a statistical fluke. They expect the rate to creep back up to 10.6% this month, then to fall slowly, but steadily, to just under 10% by the end of the year.

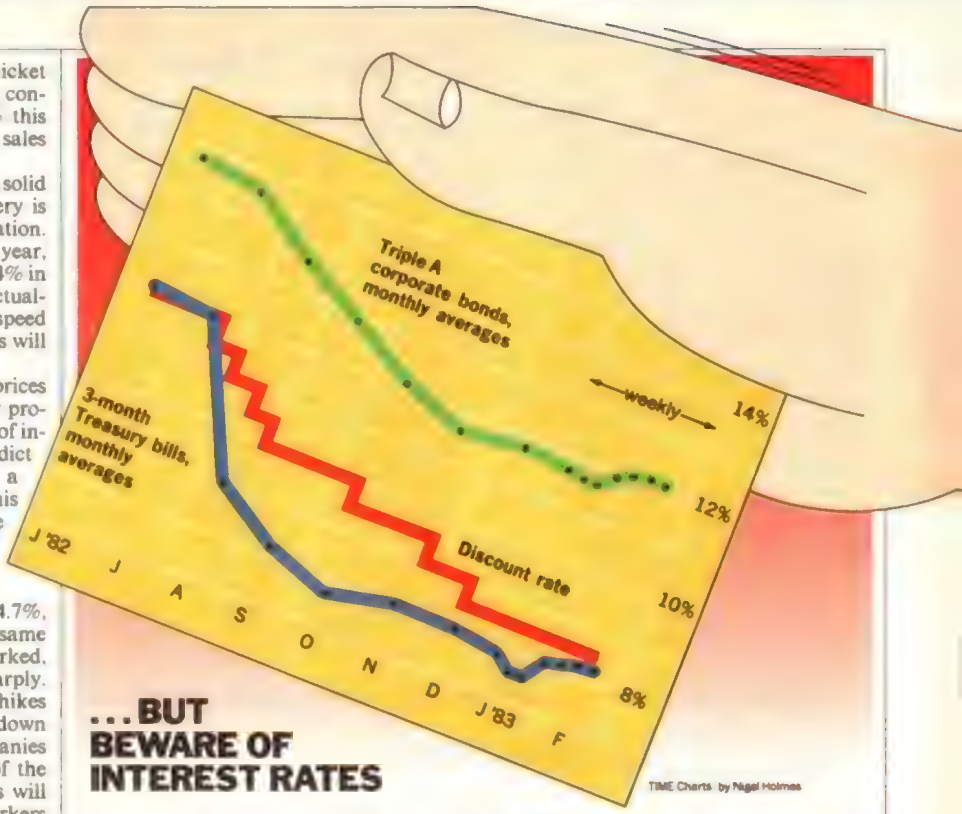
The improvement in the employment picture could help revive consumer confidence and boost spending. In addition, the 10% income tax cut scheduled for July 1 will raise household buying power. After three years of economic sluggishness, there is pent-up demand for houses,



autos, appliances and other big-ticket items. Heller predicted that housing construction would rise by nearly 42% this year, to 1.5 million units, while auto sales would be up 22%, to 9.75 million.

The most promising sign that a solid foundation has been laid for recovery is the progress being made against inflation. Consumer prices rose only 3.9% last year, compared with 8.9% in 1981 and 12.4% in 1980. In January wholesale prices actually fell 1%. Lower inflation will help speed economic expansion because families will be able to buy more for their money.

TIME's economists expect that prices may heat up slightly as the recovery proceeds, but they foresee no new burst of inflation. For 1983 as a whole, they predict that consumer prices will rise at a modest 4.6% clip. One reason for this optimism is that wage demands, the central driving force of inflation, have cooled considerably. Wage and benefit gains slowed in the final quarter of 1982 to an annual rate of 4.7%, down from 9.6% in 1981. At the same time, the level of output per hour worked, or productivity, has accelerated sharply. The combination of moderate wage hikes and greater productivity will hold down production costs and thus help companies keep prices down. The dark side of the productivity gains is that employers will be able to boost output with fewer workers than in the past. TIME's economists fear that unemployment could still hang as high as 9% at the end of 1984.



...BUT BEWARE OF INTEREST RATES

Both businesses and consumers will benefit from the oversupply of oil and the first big break in energy prices in the past decade. Efforts by the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries to prop up the cost of crude by curbing production have collapsed, at least temporarily. As a result, said Rimmer de Vries, chief international economist for Morgan Guaranty Trust, the official price of OPEC oil may fall from $34 per bbl. to $28, which would shave a percentage point off the U.S. inflation rate. James McKie, an economics professor at the University of Texas, maintained that unless OPEC regroups and sets production quotas, the oil price could drop even lower than $28. Last Friday a price war erupted. First Britain proposed to its customers a $3-per-bbl. cut, to $30.50, in the price of North Sea oil. Norway, another North Sea producer, followed suit. That prompted OPEC members to go a step further. Nigeria said it would trim the price of its high-quality crude by as much as $5.50, to $30, and Kuwait warned that two OPEC states would undercut North Sea oil by 50¢ per bbl.

Despite the good news on energy, several sectors of the economy will remain weak. Corporations will probably slash their spending on new factories and equipment this year by about 5% in real terms. They have more capacity than they need right now, and the cost of borrowing, while lower than it was, is still quite high. State and local governments, pressured by tax revolts and reductions in federal grants, are also cutting back. The high value of the dollar against foreign currencies has devastated U.S. export industries by making American goods too expensive abroad. Eckstein predicts that exports will drop about 6.5% this year.

The strength of the recovery depends in large part on what happens to interest rates. Federal Reserve Chairman Paul Volcker told Congress last week that the Fed will let the money supply grow fast enough to allow interest rates to fall further, keeping the recovery on course (*see box*). Most of TIME's economists believe that Volcker has little choice but to pursue an expansionary policy.

One compelling reason for the Federal Reserve to do so is the precarious state of world finance. Higher interest rates could push such debt-laden nations as Mexico and Brazil back to the brink of defaults that would threaten the solvency of many U.S. and West European banks. Said De Vries: "The debt bomb did not go off last year as feared, but the problem is still very much with us." The debtor countries are expecting new loans from the International Monetary Fund, but that will merely be a stopgap. Lasting relief can come only through a strong recovery in the U.S. and Europe that stokes demand for exports from the developing world.

Michael Boskin, an economics professor at Stanford University and a guest at the TIME board meeting, warned that the Federal Reserve may be overdoing its efforts to help revive the U.S. and global economies. The Fed is in danger, he said, of pumping out too much money and rekindling fears of inflation, a mistake that the Reserve Board has made during several previous recessions. Boskin said that the Fed may eventually be forced to clamp down on money growth and push interest rates back up. Said he: "I'm worried that we're going to have a brief recovery and then another recession in 1984."

Most of the economists were less concerned about the pace of money growth. They argued that there is no precise, short-term relationship between the money supply and G.N.P. growth or the inflation rate. How much G.N.P. can be generated by a given amount of money depends upon how fast that money circulates through the economy—what economists call velocity. This velocity can shift gears in sudden and mysterious ways. In 1981 and early last year, for example, velocity fell unexpectedly; this exaggerated the effects of the Federal Reserve's constraints on money and made the recession worse than it might otherwise have been.

Besides puzzling over velocity, the Reserve Board has had to grapple in recent months with distortions in the money-supply figures caused by the introduction of the new money-market bank accounts. Observed Eckstein: "The figures have become incomprehensible and, at the moment, I wouldn't base policy on them any more than I would rely on the roll of the dice. In fact, I think I would prefer a roll of the dice." Schultze said that the Federal Reserve should shift its attention away from money-supply targets and focus instead on what is happening to the current value of G.N.P.

With so much slack in the economy, Heller saw little chance that the Fed

could possibly reignite inflation in the near future. Said he: "All we have to fear is the fear of inflation itself." He suggested that the Reserve Board should keep on expanding the money supply enough to lower interest rates a bit more.

There may be limits, however, to the Fed's power to force down the cost of money. In the past few weeks, several interest rates started to inch up again, despite the Reserve Board's stimulative policy *(see chart)*. One explanation is that investors, unswayed by the optimistic views of economists like Heller, are still worried about a resurgence of inflation. They demand high interest to protect them from having their investments eroded by rising prices. This is especially true for the buyers of long-term bonds, who provide capital for the construction of new homes and factories. Bond buyers need to be convinced that inflation will be held to moderate levels not just over the next year, but also over the next decade or two. Said Alan Greenspan, a New York City consultant who was chief economic adviser to President Ford: "The financial markets are suspicious about claims that inflation is under control, and recent history does not give strong evidence to suggest that they are wrong."

All TIME's economists agreed that the burgeoning federal deficit is the catalyst for inflation fears. As competition between the Government and business for credit grows increasingly intense, the Federal Reserve will come under pressure to churn out more and more money to keep interest rates low. Such a policy could set off a new inflationary spiral.

Rivlin said that Congress should aim to pare the budget deficit to $100 billion by 1988. That would require a combination of spending cuts and tax increases totaling a staggering $170 billion. Congress can make a good start, said Rivlin, by passing the measures recommended by the National Commission on Social Security Reform, but that would lop only about $30 billion off the deficit. As for defense, Rivlin estimated that even if Congress sharply slowed the President's planned military buildup from an annual real growth rate of 7.5% to 3%, only $20 billion would be saved in 1988. Said she: "The idea that cutting back defense can solve the whole problem is not right."

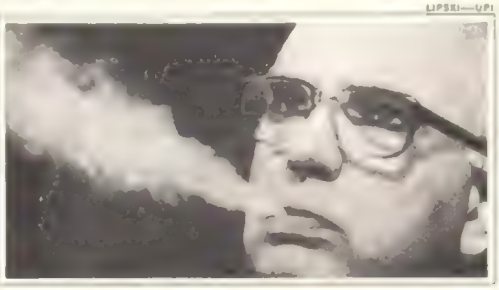
Given the difficulty of curbing federal expenditures, Eckstein said that substantial tax increases are inevitable. He called Reagan's policy of slashing income taxes by 25% while raising defense spending "the worst economic mistake since World War I." Greenspan argued, however, that Congress could not indefinitely increase the tax burden. Said he: "Ultimately, the deficits, which are out of control, must be reduced from the spending side."

The budget dilemma cannot be ignored for long. TIME's economists agreed that unless action is taken to reduce the deficit, the recovery will sputter and stall. Without a doubt, forcing the Government to live within its means will be one of the greatest economic challenges of the decade. —*By Charles P. Alexander*

No. 2 in Washington

Paul Volcker's rumpled suits and inexpensive Antonio y Cleopatra cigars have been Washington landmarks since 1979, when President Carter named him Federal Reserve Board chairman and gave him an urgent mandate to fight inflation. Volcker, 55, has carried that out with a zeal that has made him conspicuous in a town that bends easily before political winds. Says Jake Garn, chairman of the Senate Banking Committee: "Sometimes he seems to be the only person in the country capable of sticking to an economic policy." More than a few observers call Volcker the second most powerful man in Washington.

Volcker's term as Federal Reserve chairman expires in August, and both Washington and Wall Street have been anxiously wondering whether he will serve another four years. He throws up smokescreens when the subject arises. Last week, when Tennessee Senator James Sasser asked Volcker pointblank whether he would be seeking reappointment, the Fed chief replied laconically, "I don't seek jobs."



UPSHI—UPI

Volcker testifying before the Senate Banking Committee

He certainly has good reasons for not seeking another term. His $69,800 annual salary is a fraction of what he could make with a major bank or corporation, and the job requires him to commute between Washington and Manhattan, where his arthritic wife works as a bookkeeper and houses a boarder to help pay the bills. Yet Volcker clearly loves his present work. Says a close associate: "There's no job anywhere at any salary that would be as exciting or as important or as historic."

Because Volcker could obviously command a big job and big money at a private financial institution, rumors inevitably crop up that he will leave Washington. One now circulating among Chase Manhattan executives has Volcker as a strong candidate to become chairman of the bank, which has suffered a string of financial reversals since Willard Butcher succeeded David Rockefeller in 1981.

President Reagan is as mum about his intentions as is Volcker. Reagan says that he has not yet decided whether to ask Volcker to stay, and his advisers' private guesses about what he may do are mixed. Says one Treasury Department insider: "No President can resist the temptation to put his own man in a spot that powerful." But at least one top economic adviser to the President, impressed with the way Volcker has helped to bring down the inflation rate, hopes the Fed chairman will stay. Says he: "I think we would all benefit if he got another term."

One possible successor is Preston Martin, the California businessman whom Reagan named Federal Reserve vice chairman last year. Walter Wriston, chairman of Citicorp and an outside Reagan adviser, is also mentioned, as are three former chairmen of the Council of Economic Advisers: Herbert Stein and Paul McCracken, who served under Richard Nixon, and Alan Greenspan, who was Gerald Ford's top guru.

Volcker's prestige was in clear view last week as he briefed the Senate Banking Committee on Federal Reserve policies for 1983. Declared Wisconsin Democrat William Proxmire at the start of the 3½-hour session: "You're the key man. You're the one who'll decide what's going to happen to the U.S. economy—to the world economy—for the coming year." Volcker said the Federal Reserve plans to let the money supply grow only slightly less rapidly than it did in 1982. That should help hold interest rates low enough to promote the recovery, he asserted, while keeping inflation under control.

His remarks cheered Wall Streeters, who have been among Volcker's warmest backers. Many are willing to overlook the Federal Reserve's tolerance of occasional erratic swings in money growth because they support the chairman's long-term goal of stabilizing prices. Last week Edward Yardeni, senior vice president and chief economist of Prudential Bache Securities, put the Street's sentiments succinctly. "Under Volcker," said he, "the Fed has regained its credibility."

Roger Smith and Eiji Toyoda swap pens after signing the auto agreement

Next, Toyolets

GM and Toyota stir an outcry

America's General Motors Corp. and Japan's Toyota Motor Co. are by far the biggest automakers in their respective countries and produce nearly 25% of the world's automobiles between them. So when the two giant firms signed a $300 million preliminary agreement last week to build a subcompact car in California, GM's U.S. rivals sensed a threat to their business and let out cries of alarm. The loudest came from Lee Iacocca, chairman of Chrysler Corp., which is counting on small cars to help fuel its comeback. Iacocca called the GM-Toyota arrangement "fundamentally bad," and then added: "As an American, I get mad when I hear of deals like this." Said Paul Tippett, chairman of American Motors Corp.: "It is our view that GM and Toyota will create jobs in Japan at the expense of U.S. autoworkers." In part, he was referring to the fact that the arrangement calls for half the innards of the jointly produced car (including engines and transmissions) to be made in Japan.

GM's rivals want the Federal Trade Commission to bar the venture as a violation of antitrust law. An official of the FTC, which is reviewing the deal, said that a decision on whether to challenge it would be "a very close call." The GM-Toyota linkup has congressional critics too. One opponent, Ohio Representative John Seiberling, has urged early hearings on the agreement.

Competing carmakers fear that the arrangement will make GM and Toyota even tougher to beat. GM, the world's largest car manufacturer, already commands about 44% of the U.S. market. Toyota, the third biggest automaker (after Ford), has a 6.6% U.S. market share, less than Chrysler (10%) but more than American Motors (1.9%).

The venture plans to start turning out 200,000 small cars a year in late 1984 in a GM plant in Fremont, Calif., that once employed as many as 6,000 workers but has been idle since March. The front-wheel-drive subcompact—quickly dubbed the Toyolet in Detroit—will be patterned on a new version of the Toyota Corolla and will sell for a base price of about $6,500. GM and Toyota will be equal partners in the plant, but Toyota has the right to pick the boss. The firms expect the enterprise to hire 3,000 workers in Fremont and create 9,000 more jobs in each country to produce parts.

Opponents of the deal maintain that those estimates fail to consider jobs that would be lost. They argue that the new subcompact would mean the end of GM's aging Chevette and thus the elimination of some 23,000 production and supply jobs. GM's rivals also contend that the new subcompact will eat into their sales and thereby reduce U.S. jobs even more.

Japan has been prodding Toyota for some time to begin producing cars in the U.S. to help ease trade tensions between the two countries. The company has been slow to move, although Honda Motor Co. is assembling Accord subcompacts in Ohio, and Nissan Motor Co. will build pickup trucks later this year in Tennessee. Growing protectionist sentiment in the U.S. may have given Toyota a nudge. The new venture will give the company greater access to the U.S. market. Fearing an American clampdown on their autos, the Japanese agreed to limit exports to the U.S. for the past two years; last week they said they would stick with the 1.68 million-vehicle limit in 1983.

The Toyota-GM deal has also aroused workers' anxiety. Toyota Chairman Eiji Toyoda, who signed the agreement with GM Chairman Roger Smith, said that the venture may not necessarily hire back laid-off GM employees. The companies have even stirred fears that they may try to run the plant without union labor. United Auto Workers President Douglas Fraser, who welcomes the enterprise, said last week: "Getting jobs for Americans is more important than whether or not they belong to our union." If that sounds magnanimous, it may be because Fraser is sure that without the U.A.W., there will be no Toyolet. ■

Tapped Out

A Knoxville bank goes under

Tennessee Banking Magnate Jake Butcher, 46, used to boast that he rose from rural poverty to wealth and political influence the honest way, by borrowing money. Trouble was, as chief executive of the five banks in his United American Group, Butcher liked to lend money too, and too freely. Among the favored borrowers: Democratic politicians and the bank's directors and their relatives.

Last Monday, State Banking Commissioner William Adams shut down Butcher's flagship, the United American Bank of Knoxville, citing "large and unusual loan losses" at the $760 million institution. It was the fourth largest U.S. commercial bank failure since the 1930s. By the time U.A.B. opened again on Tuesday morning, it had been taken over by the state's largest bank holding company, First Tennessee National Corp. (assets: $4.2 billion).

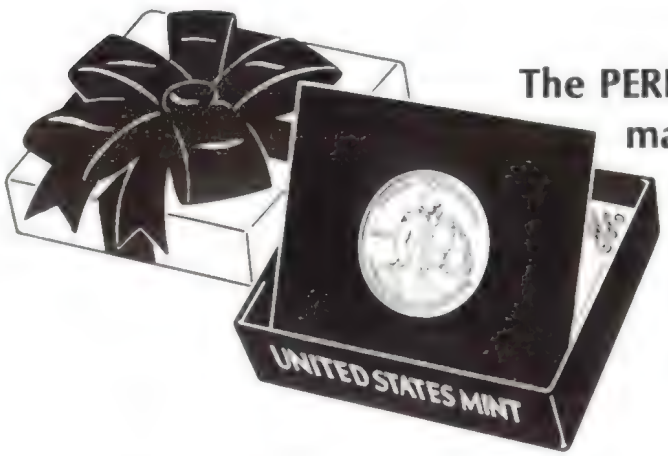
U.A.B. had been on the "problem list" of the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation throughout 1982. In November more than 200 federal bank examiners swept into all five of Butcher's banks, as well as 24 smaller banks controlled by his brother C.H. Says Stephen Woodrough, the FDIC regional counsel in Atlanta: "We wanted to see how much bad paper was really there. The situation at U.A.B. was very, very grave indeed." The FDIC concluded that $90 million in loans should be written off.

When U.A.B. announced in January that its 1982 losses were only $2.3 million, FDIC officials demanded that the bank issue a new report showing higher losses; U.A.B.'s board refused. Last week Adams determined from his own audit that the bank was insolvent. On its last day of business, between $17 million and $25 million in deposits were withdrawn in a run on the U.A.B. (The other 28 banks controlled by the brothers were judged to be solvent. Nevertheless, worried customers have withdrawn several million dollars from C.H.'s Southern Industrial Banking Corp.)

LEWTON—PEOPLE

Jake Butcher

Thanks to the acquisition, U.A.B.'s 135,000 depositors will not lose a penny. First Tennessee will also absorb up to $86.5 million in uncollectible U.A.B. loans. Any more than that will be covered by the FDIC, which believes the total may reach $160 million. The biggest loser is Jake Butcher; he owned $15 million in U.A.B. stock that is now worthless. The flamboyant entrepreneur, who five years ago was Tennessee's Democratic candidate for Governor, and who was the driving force behind last year's Knoxville World's Fair, has clearly lost more than a bank. ■



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Closet Carusos

Japan reinvents the sing-along

Music lovers who cannot stand the sound of silence carry their tunes with them on portable cassette players. Now frustrated singers in Japan are turning to a far more elaborate audio apparatus. Known as *karaoke*, or empty orchestra, sets, they give users the feeling of being accompanied in song by their very own back-up band. First popular in small bars, *karaoke* sets quickly spread to the home. In 1982 sales of home units zoomed to $625 million, more than was spent in the U.S. on, for example, gas ranges.

A basic *karaoke* set costs $400 and includes a cassette player and prerecorded tapes, a microphone, echo control and songbook. The closet Caruso simply turns on the music, finds his place in the songbook, picks up his microphone and croons away. Popular accompaniments range from work songs of Japanese farmers and favorites of World War II fighters to *I Left My Heart in San Francisco*.

Karaoke sets are being turned out by most of Japan's major electronics firms. One $4,000 top-of-the-line model includes synthesizers that can create a bossa nova or waltz beat, a computerized music memory system and two giant 5-ft. speakers. For $1,000 more, vocalists can add a small black box that grades their singing by scoring how well they stay on pitch and keep time with the beat of the electronic accompaniment.

Amateur crooners unwind at a Tokyo bar

So popular have *karaoke* sets become that last month they were sold out at many of the approximately 22,000 Japanese stores that carry them. Almost inevitably, they are going to be exported to the U.S. After exhibiting them at a Las Vegas trade show in January, Clarion, the largest manufacturer, received orders from American dealers totaling $1 million. ■

Basic Burgers

The 39¢ no-frills solution

John Galardi, 44, is trying to steal a march on the major combatants in the great American burger battle among McDonald's, Burger King and Wendy's. His strategy: undersell the competition. As president and owner of Der Wienerschnitzel International Corp., a California-based fast-food chain, Galardi is resurrecting the simple burger.

He has spent $100,000 and converted four of his chain's 324 U.S. outlets into white boxes with black stripes: they look like supermarket generic packaging with signboards reading 39¢ HAMBURGER STAND. McDonald's and Burger King's cheapest burger goes for 50¢.

Galardi's basic burger is thin—he gets ten patties per pound of meat—and comes wrapped in plain paper. The price goes up to as much as 95¢ for a double cheeseburger. Says Customer Tim Hebert, 17, a high school student: "It's incredibly average, but it's cheap."

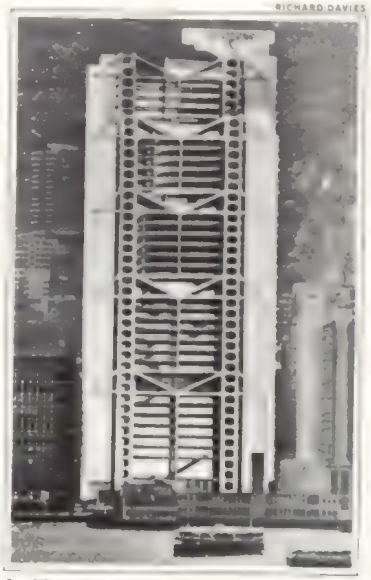
Galardi will try out his no-frills idea at 34 of his shops in eleven other Western states. Already his hamburger stands are stirring up competition. At one of its outlets near Galardi's, Burger King last week was promoting, on a hand-lettered sign, HAMBURGER—39¢. ■

Oriental Extravaganza

The architect's model on display last week at Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art looked rather like an upended radiator. But check the price tag. According to a number of guesstimates, the headquarters skyscraper of the Hongkong and Shanghai Banking Corp., scheduled for completion in 1985, could eventually cost $920 million, making it the most expensive single building in history. At 41 stories, it would cost only a little less than the $1.1 billion for the entire World Trade Center complex, with its twin towers of 110 stories each and its thousands of offices, including those of the bank's New York City branch.

Bank officials say they cannot confirm the price estimates. The $920 million figure would be nearly three times the bank's 1981 profits of $352 million. "We really don't know the cost," says Roy Munden, a bank executive director who is in charge of the project. "I know it sounds a little weird." Munden does concede, however, that architectural extras being discussed could push the final cost "to the moon."

What seems to have contributed most to the spiraling costs was the double-digit inflation of the past couple of years and changes that got out of hand after the design was approved in November 1980. Instead of a simple concrete floor, for example, the architect, London's Foster Associates, suggested an opaque glass central plaza under the building that would glow, as Munden puts it, "like a carpet of light." The bank's directors also showed interest in a giant, mirrored sun scoop to funnel sunshine into the building's interior (cost: $20 million).


RICHARD DAVIES
Architect's model in Hong Kong setting

The shell, to be hung on eight giant vertical masts, will be of steel and aluminum, with translucent panels that will give the structure a traditional Japanese air. The exterior alone could cost $200 million. There was a cost overrun on an $87 million contract with British Steel for girders strong enough to support a rooftop landing pad for a helicopter. Foundation construction has begun, and some $460 million in contracts have already been let. But steel has yet to rise to a point where it can be seen above the fenced-off building site on landfill in Hong Kong harbor.

Bank Chairman Michael G.R. Sandberg summoned consultants to review the runaway costs, and will await their report in May to decide whether to make cutbacks or modify the design. Still, even in the face of Hong Kong's uncertain future—China could take control when the United Kingdom's lease on much of the crown colony's land expires in 1997—the bank seems determined to build a monument that, says Munden, is more than "just a building."

The Hazards of Orbital Flight

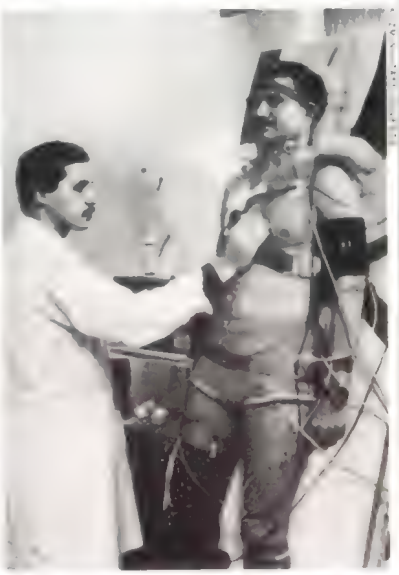
Nausea, fatigue, higher pulse rates are a few of the dangers

The space shuttle *Challenger*, its maiden flight twice rescheduled, sat on its Florida pad last week plagued by glitches. Gas leaks had been discovered in both an original engine and its replacement. But for the next group of astronauts, mechanical foul-ups are only one worry. Today's space travelers have an additional concern: the body's reactions to zero gravity.

U.S. Astronauts Bill Lenoir and Bob Overmyer experienced nausea and vomiting during the fifth flight of the *Columbia* last November. Lenoir's distress helped force changes in planned space tasks during the five-day mission. Space sickness, renamed by NASA "space adaptation syndrome" (SAS), was recognized only a decade ago. Says former Astronaut Mike Collins: "We didn't have much of a problem with space sickness as long as we were strapped in Mercury and Gemini. Same for the Russians. It's when we all began floating around in Skylab and the Russians in Salyut that the guys began getting sick."

Between 30% and 50% of space voyagers develop SAS, usually in the initial days of a flight. It is not yet possible to determine who is susceptible. Scientists believe the malady is caused by the body's struggle to adapt to the absence of gravity and to disorienting shifts in body positions. As a result the brain receives conflicting information from the eyes and the inner-ear system, which registers pressure changes and affects balance. Says Dr. Philip Johnson, chief of the medical-research branch of the Johnson Space Center in Houston: "In space you receive a lot of novel input into the brain, which doesn't know how to handle it. We just have to adapt. Some people adapt rapidly, some slowly. It's like going out on a boat with a lot of people. Some will get sick and others will be just fine."

NASA is pressing for a cure because SAS can disrupt short-term flights. As a temporary remedy, astronauts routinely take along pills containing a combination of scopolamine, a drug that blunts sensations, and dextroamphetamine, a stimulant to counteract scopolamine's dulling effects on the body and mind. When the pills failed to help Lenoir, NASA's chief flight surgeon Sam Pool advised from Houston ground headquarters that Lenoir also take Phenergan, an antihistamine, and Dalmane if he needed a sleep medication. But the combination of potent drugs is not an ideal solution since it can impair coordination and judgment. According to an Air Force surgeon at Andrews Air Force Base, any military or commercial pilot on such medication would automatically be grounded. Says he: "Before you fly, that stuff has got to wash out of your system." To learn more about SAS, NASA will be sending physician-astronauts on the next three shuttle flights. They will study the relationship between the eyes and inner-ear system, and the effects on the body of inertia and weightlessness.



Berezovoy gets a checkup after landing

SAS is a minor irritation, however, compared with the hazards of long-term space flights. U.S.S.R. Cosmonauts Anatoli Berezovoy and Valentin Lebedev returned last December from their record-breaking 211-day flight in obviously debilitated condition. Soviet TV clips showed the cosmonauts being helped into a hot whirlpool bath. Even though they had exercised daily, the prolonged weightlessness left their muscles so flabby that for a week they were barely able to walk. Five weeks after the landing, TASS, the Soviet news agency, reported that they were in the Caucasus continuing "to undergo rehabilitation."

Muscle atrophy is a visible effect of long space flights, but there are less obvious dangers. All are related to lengthy stays in zero gravity, though scientists do not fully understand why all the changes occur. Bones lose one-half of 1% of their calcium each month. Some body fluid shifts from the extremities to the chest and head; a portion of the fluid is excreted. Fatigue sets in, and sound sleep becomes elusive. The heart's size shrinks by 10%. Astronauts exercising on land after a flight have a higher pulse rate than they did before journeying into space. "We think it takes only 48 hours in space for this change in the heart to take place," says NASA's Johnson. The heart apparently returns to normal within a year of returning to earth.

In the Soviet Union, the Berezovoy-Lebedev mission has sparked a rare public debate over one major question: How long can a person stay aloft before suffering irremediable harm? Cosmonaut Valeri Ryumin, who had set earlier flight records by orbiting the earth for 175 and 185 days, believes the safe limit has been breached. Says Ryumin, now a senior program chief at the Soviet space control center outside Moscow: "It appears to me that four months is the optimal period."

Soviet officials, however, are unlikely to agree. One goal of their space program is to build an orbital platform for military and scientific ventures. Lacking a reusable space shuttle like *Challenger* to ferry men and material, the Soviets have been forced to send their crews up for longer and longer periods. Declares Anatoli Alexandrov, president of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Sciences: "The strategy of a gradual increase in man's stay in space has justified itself completely. It means that even longer space expeditions are quite feasible."

—By Anastasia Toufexis. Reported by Erik Amfitheatrof/Moscow and Jerry Hannifin/Washington

NASA

Lenoir tests his vision aboard *Columbia*

Just as on a boat ride, some will get sick and others will be fine.

Fraud in a Harvard Lab

"Gifted" researcher is punished for faking data

"Dr. Darsee is clearly one of the most remarkable young men in American medicine. It is not extravagant to say that he became a legendary figure during his year as chief resident in medicine at Grady Memorial Hospital."

With that exuberant commendation, Cardiologist Paul Walter of Emory University endorsed the selection of his former colleague John Darsee for one of the biggest plums in academic medicine: an appointment to the Harvard Medical School faculty. Darsee's career to that point had been a nonstop flight from modest origins in Huntington, W. Va., to professional glory at age 31 as a research fellow at Harvard. Arriving in 1979, he performed brilliantly, producing five papers in 15 months, all published in major journals. In 1981 Dr. Eugene Braunwald, an eminent cardiologist at the university, began action to place Darsee on the faculty.

Yet by the time all the letters of recommendation were in, the offer had been withdrawn and Darsee's spectacular career was unraveling. The young man, who is still called "brilliant and creative" by former colleagues, had been caught faking research data.

Last week the National Institutes of Health released the results of a yearlong investigation into Darsee's misconduct; it announced that he would be barred from receiving federal grant funds and contracts for ten years, the harshest penalty for fraud it has ever imposed. The NIH report not only documented Darsee's abuses at Harvard, but also raised serious doubts about the veracity of research he had carried out earlier at Emory.

The NIH also sharply criticized Darsee's supervisors at the Harvard-affiliated Cardiac Research Laboratory at Brigham and Women's Hospital for failing to report promptly their initial suspicions about Darsee's work. The young researcher was assigned to a project funded by the National Heart, Lung and Blood Institute and aimed at developing animal models for assessing the effectiveness of drugs used to treat heart attacks. Charged NIH Associate Director William Raub: "A large and costly study of great importance for a major public health problem was irrevocably compromised." Harvard was asked last week to return the $122,371 it had received to fund the study.

Suspicions about Darsee's work first arose in May 1981, when he was pursuing another project. Tipped off by two other researchers, Laboratory Director Robert Kloner found that Darsee had been faking dates on reports to make a few hours' work look like two weeks' worth of data. Kloner informed Braunwald, who terminated Darsee's fellowship and notified Medical School Dean Daniel Tosteson. But Braunwald accepted Darsee's plea that this was his sole offense. Unwilling to destroy the career of what he called "an apparently brilliant researcher," Braunwald did not inform NIH officials. Instead, he and Kloner conducted their own audit of Darsee's work and supervised him closely during the next few months. They uncovered no evidence of further misconduct.

According to the Government's report, they did not look hard enough. In October, when the results from all five centers involved in the N.H.L.B.I. study were released, it was clear that the Harvard data were inconsistent with the rest.

Cardiologist Eugene Braunwald, who had once favored Darsee's appointment to a faculty post

To find conclusive evidence of fakery, "we began to think like Sherlock Holmes."

Only then did Braunwald and Kloner inform NIH officials about the incident in May. Investigations into Darsee's work were formally initiated by both Dean Tosteson and the NIH. Meanwhile, Braunwald and Kloner redoubled their efforts to unmask the fraud. Said Braunwald last week: "We began to think like Sherlock Holmes."

The medical detectives found a number of abuses. Darsee had recorded data from tests on dogs that required the injection of radioactive substances and the excision of the animals' hearts. Yet Braunwald and Kloner discovered from tissue samples that the animals had never been injected, and at least one of the dogs had been buried with its heart intact. The NIH found that all measurements made by Darsee were so perfectly consistent and neat that they "lack credibility."

While NIH officials recognized that "no system of procedures and controls can offer absolute protection against willful deceit," they criticized Kloner and Braunwald for not paying close enough attention to researchers under their supervision. Though Braunwald strongly denied the charge, the report maintained that "a hurried pace and emphasis on productivity, coupled with limited interaction with senior scientists, have contributed to the disappointing events."

In recent years there has been a growing number of such "disappointing events" in laboratories around the country. Yale, Cornell and Boston University have each had to contend with embarrassing cases of scientific fraud. According to a number of scientists, the tremendous pressures to "publish or perish" may be a factor in the trend. These pressures have been exacerbated by the intense competition for limited federal research funds. "Science is more expensive these days," says Albert H. Hastorf, Stanford's provost. "You need a big grant or you are out of business." Many leading research institutions have attempted to deal with the problem by tightening up procedures for handling cases of suspected fakery.

As for Darsee, he maintains that he has "no recollection" of committing the abuses. Last week, however, he issued a statement "asking forgiveness for whatever I have done wrong" and asserting, "I want to continue to contribute to the medical system." He is currently in the first year of a two-year fellowship in critical-care medicine at Ellis Hospital in Schenectady, N.Y. He does no research. According to Hospital Spokeswoman Pat Mattice, Darsee had been "completely honest" in describing his past, and "we feel he has a lot to offer."

—By Claudia Wallis. Reported by Renie Schapiro/Washington and Sue Wymelenberg/Boston

Patching Up a Family Feud

Northern and Southern Presbyterians are ready to reunite

Just 45 miles from Fort Sumter, where the Civil War began on April 12, 1861, clergy and lay delegates from the Charleston, S.C., area assembled last week in the small, red-carpeted sanctuary of Bethel Presbyterian Church in Walterboro. The issue under consideration there and at similar gatherings across the South: whether to end the Presbyterians' own North-South schism, which dates from the Civil War. After an hour of genteel debate, the Walterboro meeting voted for reunion, 42 to 41.

The two denominations voting on reunion are the Presbyterian Church in the U.S. (P.C.U.S.), most of whose 829,000 members live in the South, and the United Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A. (U.P.C.U.S.A.), which has 2.4 million members nationwide. The so-called Northern branch has long wanted to unite with the Southern, and not one of its presbyteries (regional groupings of local churches) has voted no so far. Under the Southern church's constitution, a negative vote by only 16 of the 61 presbyteries would kill the merger. But the narrow approval in Walterboro last week raised the Southern Presbyterian vote to 35 to 7, making passage of the historic proposal virtually certain. The Presbyterian Church (U.S.A.), to be formed in June, will become the nation's fourth largest Protestant body.*

The Presbyterian division in 1861 was an inevitable result of the Civil War, which also split other denominations, notably the Methodists and Baptists. Over the decades, the Southern church has been more conservative than the Northern, particularly on social issues, but in recent years those differences have begun to soften. The Rev. J. Randolph Taylor of Charlotte, N.C., Southern co-chairman of the joint committee that wrote the reunion plan, says that Presbyterianism was "a family that was split mainly by culture, politics and war. Slowly we've come to realize that we need each other."

Not all Presbyterians agree. Since 1969, when the current merger negotiations began, each church has suffered schisms as disgruntled conservatives packed up and started their own small denominations or joined other existing churches. Both Presbyterian branches have also suffered a steady drop in membership. In all, the Southern church has declined by 129,000 adherents and the Northern church by a disastrous 778,000, or one-fourth of its total membership.

The joint committee that prepared the merger plan had several delicate issues to contend with. For example, their proposal had to assure black Presbyterians that they would not be hurt by the merger. Racial tensions underlay the historic split, and the reunion would have been seriously flawed if blacks protested the agreement. Despite decades of separation and suspicion, says Taylor, "the amazing thing is that black Presbyterians are saying, 'We're going to trust you one more time.'" Another key issue was the policy of the Northern church requiring local congregations to elect women as lay elders. When adopted by U.P.C.U.S.A. in 1979, the rule led to a schism, and it is unpopular in the South. "A congregation has the right to

*After the Southern Baptist Convention (13.8 million members), United Methodist Church (9.5 million) and National Baptist Convention, U.S.A., Inc. (5.5 million)

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

King size: 4 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1981

choose its own officers," says the Rev. J. McDowell Richards, a retired P.C.U.S. seminary president and a member of the reunion committee. The pact gives P.C.U.S. congregations a 15-year grace period in which they can apply for annual exemptions from the rule. Women activists within the United Presbyterian Church resent this provision, but decided not to oppose the reunion plan.

The major difference between the two churches involves doctrine. The faith of Southern Presbyterians is summed up by the Westminster Confession, laid down in 1647 by an order of the English Parliament. Since 1967, the Northern Presbyterians have broadly accepted a number of creeds as their standards of faith, in addition to the Westminster. The effect, to conservative Southerners, has been to make more ambiguous the church's basic beliefs. The committee required a stricter doctrinal vow for future clergy but also agreed that the reunited church would write its final confession of faith only after the merger. Southern conservatives agreed because they won another, far more significant compromise. The plan includes an "escape clause" that allows Southern congregations, but not Northern ones, to leave any time between 1984 and 1991, with their church properties, if they are unhappy with the merger. This clause guaranteed sufficient conservative support to pass the reunion plan.

James Andrews, the Stated Clerk (chief administrator) of the P.C.U.S., says that for Southern congregations the bail-out provision is "an invitation to play five years of hardball to see if we can make this church work. If not, then we'll just kiss one another goodbye." Southern conservatives will be watching closely as leaders decide how presbytery lines will be redrawn, what the new confession of faith contains, how many conservatives get important jobs in the staff reshuffle ahead, and how much cash goes to evangelism and how much to controversial secular causes. Another question is where to put the consolidated church headquarters. The U.P.C.U.S.A. is in New York City and the P.C.U.S. in Atlanta.

The voting patterns so far show that a majority of Southern Presbyterians basically agree with the Rev. John M. Miller of Hilton Head Island, S.C., who argues that opposition to merger now is "a feudal expression of longing for a past that can never be." Adds Richards, 80, a patriarch of the Southern denomination: "The church is under attack in so many quarters that we can't be divided. We've got to sacrifice the things that aren't essential in order to get together." —*By Richard N. Ostling.*

Reported by B.J. Phillips/Atlanta

BILL FORBUS

Southern Presbyterian delegates in Walterboro, S.C., endorsing the merger

To end a civil war, a complex compromise and the prospect of hardball.

You found it. True.

The most tasteful ultra low tar under the sun. Taste it.

COVER STORIES

Royalty *vs.* the Pursuing Press

In stalking Diana, Fleet Street strains the rules

Someone will do it. Some rube of an American photographer, strangling in the only necktie he owns, will shout, "Hey, Queen!" Some reporter, his thought processes numbed by majesty, will panic and address her first, which is Not Done, and then compound his blunder by asking her views on Prince Andrew's American girlfriend, former Soft-Porn Actress Koo Stark. Somebody will break commonly observed protocol—royals are not to be photographed taking nourishment—and shoot a picture of her doing the unthinkable to a Parker House roll.

No such amiably meant awkwardness, however, could spoil the monthlong royal road show that began last week in Jamaica and proceeded to the Cayman Islands, to Mexico, and on toward the wilds of California *(see following story)*. Queen Elizabeth II is nearly unflappable as star and stage manager of the Windsor family troupe, and her husband Prince Philip, though he sometimes indulges in grumpy asides, has a useful comic gift and a scene-saving knack for improvisation. (Jamaicans last week admiringly recalled an occasion during the royal couple's 1975 visit when one profoundly confused male official approached the Queen and, instead of bowing, curtsied. The Prince, to help the man out of his embarrassment, good-humoredly curtsied back.) Queen and consort played expertly to easy audiences in the Caribbean, and faced a Mexican public eager for distraction from its peso troubles. At week's end the royal couple could look forward to their accustomed favorable reviews from royalty-dazzled democrats in the U.S.

How welcome the good notices will be. The fact is that those at home have caused great consternation in recent weeks. And what seems most surprising is that much of the press rancor has lashed about the lovely head of the nation's new royal sweetheart, the Princess of Wales. Fleet Street's raucous tabloids, whose scuffling reporters and photographers first caught and transmitted the "Shy Di" craze, now clearly believe that the Princess is the creation and rightful property of the press. The newspapers praise or torment her according to their own royal whims, and rage when she balks at posing prettily. Diana is in the acutely uncomfortable position of being the world's most gawked-at celebrity, "bigger than Streisand, bigger than the Beatles," according to veteran London *Sun* Photographer Arthur Edwards. Fanciful stories about her that allege illness, marital squabbles or other bad behavior are weapons in British newspaper circulation wars. Freelance "monkeys"—*paparazzi*—can make unexpected windfalls with snatched pictures.

Anyone can do anything, in fact, except throttle down a vast publicity engine that at times has seemed to be howling out of control. Britain has never seen alarums as sustained as these before. Since Diana appeared on the scene, the unwritten rules between the palace and the press have collapsed under the stampede for news. The palace press office has appealed to editors, but any truce that is called gets broken quickly. "Chasing royals is like a drug, an addiction," says Writer Ashley Walton of the *Daily Express*. The Queen's press secretary, Michael Shea, mutters about sanctions, but the Tower of London is open only to tourists, not prisoners. "A new wave of hysteria has gripped the more sensational press," he laments. "Anything to do with any aspect of the royal family, no matter how minute, is treated as a huge news story."

The royal family, meanwhile, can do little except schedule their usual tours and hope for less capricious coverage: this month the Queen and Philip in the New World; next month Charles, Diana and Baby William in Australia and New Zealand; Anne in Pakistan in May, where she will visit a refugee camp near the Afghan border. Last week it was disclosed that while Diana stayed behind and carried on with her regular schedule, Charles had just spent a week milking cows, delivering a calf and building stone fences on a tenant farm he owns in Cornwall. At the end he gave an exclusive interview to Donald Simpson, agriculture writer for the *Western Morning News*. The labor had been hard, he said, and his back hurt, but the farm breakfasts had been splendid and the rural values sound. He said he came to know the cows well "by their udders. I think being here has restored my sanity." Lest Fleet Street think its clamoring threatened to unhinge him, he added, "Being on the land does help one get a sense of proportion much better than being stuck in the city." Charles is an outdoorsman, and the farm stay was thoroughly in character, but it is also true that his week evoked the kind of symbolism that maintains the necessary royal illusion: that his family speaks for Britain, though not about government or anything else controversial; that they are mysterious and unapproachable, though much like me and thee; and that their position is awesome, though they can no longer singlehanded send armies into the field

Surrounded as usual: the Princess of Wales, the

A strange, wistful, almost innocent quest

world's most gawked-at celebrity, manages a game smile as she sits in her limousine outside London's Guildhall

Charles' performance was good, sound, royal theater, of the kind not seen by the British in some months. Lately, in fact, the Queen has seemed to be presiding over a soap opera, a kind of intricate "Palace Dallas," as the joke now goes in London. Even the birth in June of a healthy baby boy, Prince William, to Charles and Diana did not prevent last year from taking on the quality of sloppily written royal melodrama.

The Queen's boudoir at Buckingham Palace was invaded early one morning by a man who, weirdly, sat on her bed making conversation. Her personal bodyguard resigned after confessing to consorting with a homosexual prostitute. Her Majesty's second son Prince Andrew, 23, flew a helicopter in the Falkland Islands war, then returned to resume a romance with the beauteous Koo, who had appeared nude in such films as *Cruel Passion*. When the two tried to sneak off to Mustique, the Caribbean hideaway where Princess Margaret had dallied with Pop Singer Roddy Llewellyn a few years ago, they shocked right-thinking Britons. The Queen Mother, 82, is a great favorite of the press and, indeed, of everyone in Britain, and the Queen and Philip are treated with solid respect. But their only daughter Princess Anne, 32, is surly to the press and has earned the nickname "Her Royal Rudeness." She and her husband Captain Mark Phillips were the center of a swirl of divorce rumors, thus far apparently baseless, and she horrified everyone while on her own American tour by refusing to gurgle appreciatively—growl was what she did—over the birth of Sweet William.

Yes, but what is she really like?

"Naff off," an upper-class vulgarism, is gaining popularity around the world largely through Anne's efforts.

It was the Princess of Wales, however—Shy Di, the radiant, misty darling of the tabloids—who drew the blackest headlines. Only seven months after William's birth, the Princess was being criticized as a "spoilt brat," a "fiend" and a "monster." Charles was said to be desolate that a divorce was not possible for the future King of England. Diana's spendthrift shopping, reportedly at the rate of some $1,500 a week, supposedly dismayed him. Her increasing thinness, which had seemed enchantingly graceful, was briefly depicted as anorexia nervosa. Then an American psychiatrist warned that Diana, on the basis of a stress evaluation test he had invented, had "an 80% chance" of becoming ill. The press became incensed at her behavior on a skiing holiday with Charles in Liechtenstein and Austria. In defiance, she pulled her ski cap down over her forehead and refused to pose sweetly for pictures.

Nasty stuff, even for the lowbrow British tabloids, which are famous for their gaudy misbehavior. The main disturbers of the peace, jostling brashly for sensation

Queen Elizabeth in rain gear; Prince Andrew aboard *Invincible* after returning from the Falkland Islands; his American girlfriend Koo

and circulation among London's ten major dailies and eight major Sunday papers, are the *Sun* and *Star*, the *Express*, the *Mirror* and the *News of the World*.

But London's newspapers were only part of the journalistic fun house that Lady Diana Spencer wandered into so unconcernedly when she began her romance with Prince Charles and the rest of the world. Vast numbers of commoners, especially in countries that are safely republican, clearly are nostalgic monarchists, if only at the Cinderella level, and they like to read about royalty. Two magazines in Britain, *Majesty* and *Monthly Royalty*, and one in France, *Point de Vue—Images du Monde*, print stories about nothing else. Publisher Peter Shephard of *Majesty*, which is aimed at the fiercely royalist "granny market," said that his staid publication (1981 circ. 55,000) tried a mildly critical story on Princess Anne a few months ago, drew fire in quavering handwriting from irate readers and hastily returned to its usual reverence.

Until only a few years before Diana became a worldwide obsession, however, royal-watching was no more than a part-time, modestly profitable journalistic sideline, like writing about stamp collecting. Princess Margaret's doomed love affair in the mid-1950s with a divorced man, Group Captain Peter Townsend, and Grace Kelly's excessive wedding in 1956 were exceptions, early examples of royal-watching carried round the bend of lunacy, but each story eventually died a natural death after months of gorgeous blather.

Nothing of the sort is happening to the press frenzy surrounding the Princess of Wales, which shows no sign of dying either a natural death or one imposed by the exasperated Michael Shea. One reason may be that, at a time when television is creating no new personalities and movie actors labor to be anticelebrities, readers and feeders of the popular press in Europe and the U.S. are hungry for steady coverage of glittering personages. A succession of less than solemn stories has kept royals in the news: there was the pretty but too available

Prince Charles and press after son's birth

Princess Caroline of Monaco and her succession of lounge lizards, The Netherlands' Prince Bernhard and his taste for Lockheed money, Princess Margaret and her unsuitable companions and, until two years ago, Prince Charles circulating among polo matches with an impressive succession of smashing young women.

Yet these are ordinary immortals, not superstars. Only Jackie Kennedy Onassis has attracted the kind of attention that now afflicts Diana. Some sort of strange myth-making or myth-breaking is going on, half real and instinctive, and half calculated and phony. Suzanne Lowry, a writer for London's *Sunday Times*, asks, "What *is* this endless fairy tale we are all so avidly following, the press eagerly producing and the palace so concerned to censor, or at least edit? . . . What *is* a Princess? What is one *for*? . . . The best answer seems to be that a Princess is for looking at. Neither Diana, nor any other member of the royal family has much function when out of sight. Without press coverage, the royal family would be little more than rich, overdressed people in big houses."

Lowry continues with a distinctly unsettling truth: "What [Diana] clearly didn't understand when she took that fateful step, with all the boldness of an upper-class Alice, through the royal looking glass, was that she could *never* get back into that nice cozy private nursery again . . . As James Whitaker [the *Mirror's* royal-watcher], her self-confessed slave and hack-in-chief, might say with a nudge,

Diana ducks head to foil photographers on ski trip; Charles blows nose for the press; he struggles to right his craft in Australia

'You didn't know you were marrying us too, did you?' "

This has some fairly horrifying implications—till death do us part, for one—but it is so close to character that it is too bad that Whitaker, at 42 an acknowledged star among royal-watchers, did not really say it. The dapper Whitaker has concentrated on the royal family for 14 years—in the process, he says contentedly, traveling around the world several times and moving at increasingly fatter salaries from the *Daily Mail* to the *Express* to the *Sun* to the *Star*, and finally to the *Mirror*. He likes the royals. "They all mean a great deal to me," he says. He looks to the Queen for comfort, he says, "because she's jolly solid. We'll miss a story if it's going to upset the Queen." No evidence is offered that anyone has done so. As for the other royals, reverence has its limits. "I feel the public has a right to know anything we can tell them. My job is to report every facet of the royal beings in as much detail as possible They are fair game."

When game is afoot, royal-watchers routinely engage in round-the-clock stakeouts, read lips with binoculars, suborn servants, hire little girls to give flowers to the royals and big girls (in the case of Prince Charles in his bachelor years) to give them kisses, chase their prey at crazy speeds in high-powered cars. There has been so much of this mad motoring that the wonder is that no member of the royal family or the public has been killed. One reporter has even been known to steal a colleague's photos. Others lay out misleading clues to send teams from rival papers in the wrong direction. Some of this is cheerful lunacy, and Photographer Steve Wood, a legendary *Daily Express* stalker, says he heard from a footman that "Prince Philip used to make jokes every morning at breakfast about us. The royals spend hours talking about the pranks we pull and the ways they elude us." Indeed, the Queen is said to enjoy the popular paper and latest speculations about her family.

"Some of the things I do, I am not keen on myself for doing," Whitaker admits. He has a clear conscience, however, about the anorexia story, which ran under the banner IS IT ALL GETTING TOO MUCH FOR DIANA? RUBBISH! countered the rubbishy *News of the World*. Thunderous denunciations of one another's outrages are standard among Fleet Street papers, and no one takes offense, because it is all part of the game that readers follow with relish. Whitaker came out of the anorexia episode thinking well of himself. As the weeks went by and Diana did not appear to have the disease, he was able to take credit, and did, for preserving her health by a timely warning.

Photographer Carraro takes aim at royals

Author Robert Lacey (*Majesty*) suggests that the press, with Whitaker very much in the lead, also deserves credit for forcing Charles to marry Diana. It is not simply that in the touchy period before the engagement, as Whitaker admits in a book about the royal courtship (*Settling Down*), that he gave her fatherly advice for dealing with the press, including himself ("There will be times when I will ask you a question to which I need an answer desperately. I am telling you now, *don't answer me*"). Prince Charles was over 30, explains Lacey, and "his image as an adventurous young bachelor sowing his wild oats was getting worn out. It was the opinion of Fleet Street that he should settle down and do his duty. The press pushed Diana as a girlfriend beyond the reality of the situation in the early stages. Whitaker fell in love with her." The merciless overcoverage of Diana (including, Whitaker boasts, an 80-m.p.h. car caper in which he

Princess Anne strikes an equestrian pose; Princess Margaret sits it out at a sporting event; the Queen Mother alights at Ascot; Diana tries riding at

drove alongside the car she was driving while a photographer snapped her picture) showed the English public a maiden so sweet and wistful that the Prince would have seemed a blackguard had he failed to propose.

It was this same improbable Cupid, however, who was part of the hit team that smudged the pregnant Diana in the Bahamas a year ago. (A hit in Fleet Street lingo is a good story, and a smudge is a photo.) Armed with jungle gear and survey maps, Whitaker and Photographer Kenny Lennox entered the jungle at 5:55 one morning, just before sunup. They were on a patch of land opposite the beach where Charles and Diana were staying. Says Whitaker: "We crawled, carrying a lens the size of a bloody howitzer for a solid hour and a half. By 7:50 a.m. we were in position, a half-mile across the water from the beach. Finally Diana appeared at 11:20. When she turned up in a bikini, it was too good to be true. We also knew we'd be in trouble."

Lennox started shooting. "Diana was rubbing suntan oil on the Prince's back. Sensational! I kept saying to Kenny, 'I've never done anything as intrusive in my life.' But it was a journalistic high. I've never had such a buzz."

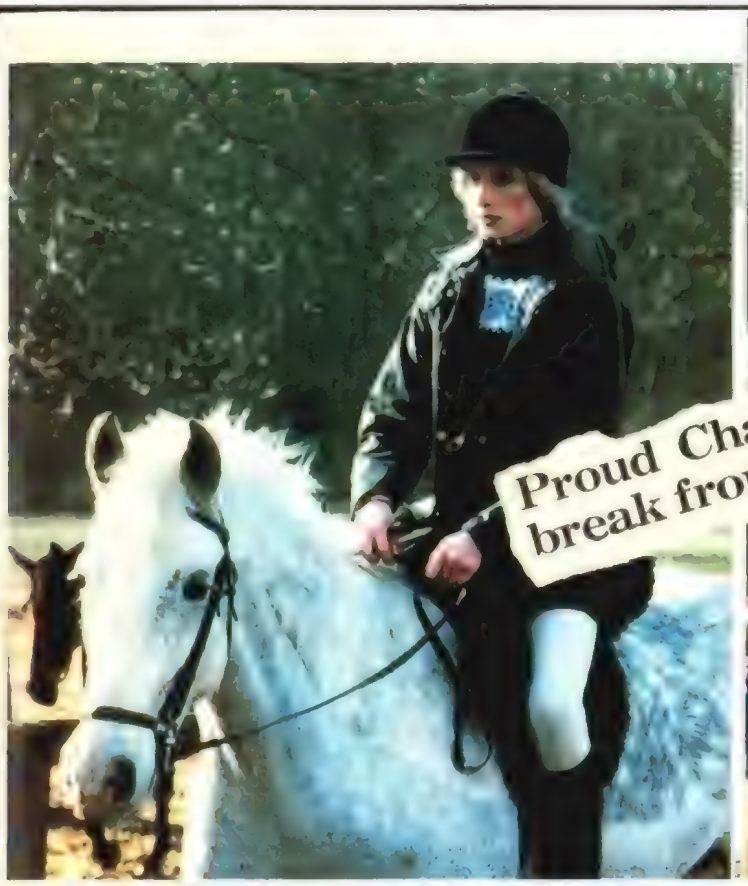
In Nassau, Whitaker wired the pictures to London, through New York City. Editors who saw them in New York, he marvels, made offers totaling £150,000. The huge figure is believable. Picture agency editors are more secretive than nerve-gas manufacturers, but the rumor is that one big European weekly paid $35,000 for one of the bikini shots. Less sensational photos of Diana might bring anything from a few hundred to a few thousand dollars, depending on the exclusivity and news value of a commodity that fluctuates like pork bellies. A top freelancer, among the dozen or so covering the royals full time, may make as much as $150,000 a year. Whitaker admits to making less than $80,000.

When the *Sun* and the *Star* ran the pictures of the royal tummy naked and protruding, the expected protests lit up the switchboards, and the standard apologies were printed. The papers said jointly that they had run the photos out of "deep affection" for Diana. The *Sun* ran the photos a second time, with the apology, so that everyone would know what was being discussed.

Creeping about in the undergrowth is not the style of the *Daily Mail's* influential gossip columnist Nigel Dempster. He claims that he attends many parties that royals do, and when he is leaving he sees Whitaker in the bushes. He insists that he is not a royal-watcher but a "social policeman." About the time that Whitaker diagnosed anorexia, however, Dempster indulged himself with a lofty and fairly encyclopedic denunciation of Diana's faults. It was he who said that she was spoiled, fiendish and a monster, that she was spending too much money on clothes, shaming the nation's upper classes by having temper tantrums that drove staff to resign, and making Charles "desperately unhappy."

The rubbishy *News of the World* called Dempster's outburst rubbish too. Like Whitaker, he is unruffled. Royal-watchers tend to identify themselves with the family and even imagine that they are on intimate terms. "She should be brought up short," the avuncular Dempster explains. "The message got through to Diana that she cannot behave badly and that she'd better start pulling up her socks. Since then, she has been out all day, visiting hospitals and talking to children. She is showing more interest in Charles' hobbies. She is wearing the same clothes over again. What I am saying to her is, 'I know you are having a difficult time, but best to start behaving before the hatchet-type journalists start getting on to you.' Hopefully, that has been averted now."

Of course, nothing had been averted except a peaceful winter for the royals. Palace efforts to bargain with the Fleet Street scamps—a photo opportunity in exchange for privacy over the year-end holidays—dissolved in futility as the pack went hallooing off in all directions after Koo, Andrew, Charles and Diana. Koo had shown surprising staying power for a princely romance, despite speculative QUEEN BANS KOO and BUST-UP AS ANDY IS TOLD TO DROP HIS GIRL headlines in the *Sun*, a journal that occasionally runs its royals coverage down the side of what



Proud Charles has break from nappies

Sandringham; Prince Charles carries young Prince William in a basket; cameramen on the stalk at Balmoral

is called its "tits-and-bums" page, in giddy proximity to the precariously cantilevered breasts and shyly undraped buttocks of naked models.

"I can reveal that . . . Andrew would dearly love to settle down with Koo, 26, and raise a family," wrote Harry Arnold in the *Sun*. This was for public consumption; privately, Arthur Edwards, the veteran *Sun* photographer, said, "We can't have Princess Koo as an example to the nation's youth."

In any case, the lady was proving royally elusive. Photographer Steve Wood, who had spotted Koo and Randy Andy, as the press took to calling the Prince, on their flight to Mustique last fall, never got a shot of the pair. He tried from a chartered yacht, tried heroically while waterskiing behind a motorboat, and tried in jungle stakeouts, where, he admitted dolefully, "the police always found me." Some two dozen other journalists in expensively chartered watercraft also flopped.

Back in London this winter, things have not been much better. Fast-moving Freelance Photographer Mauro Carraro, 23, who quit hunting crime shots 18 months ago to concentrate on the much more profitable ambushing of royals, finally got a picture of Andrew that was good enough for the *Mirror's* front page. Carraro hustles hard for his art and the $25,000 or so a year it brings him. During one brief period this winter he broke off the chase for Koo at the Queen's retreat at Sandringham and flew to Switzerland, where Koo was rumored to be skiing. Then it was back to London, and off on a fast rumble to Sandringham again, in the sort of automotive projectile that is essential for royal-chasing, a Golf GTI that Carraro says will go more than 100 m.p.h. Diana was supposed to be there taking riding lessons (family tradition suggests that a Windsor Queen should be able to ride, but the Princess, who fell from a horse when she was small, has no love for the sport). Carraro's information was accurate. After dodging hordes of amateur cameramen and the police, and being scared silly by the Queen's pack of search dogs as he hid with two other cameramen in bushes near the Sandringham riding fields, he clicked off $1,500 worth of shots of Diana, the Queen and Charles on horseback. "Charles saw us, and he was fuming," Carraro recalled happily. "We ran like hell. There are a lot of fast moves in this business."

The $1,500 smudge paid expenses and kept Carraro in motion. After a day at home he flew back to Switzerland to stalk Charles and Diana on their ski trip. But for Carraro and several dozen other English Continental photographers, the assignment paid off only in vast Alps of aggro (British slang for aggravation). The Princess of Wales by now had reached her choking point. She refused to play her role as royal photo model. After a week of confusion and rancor, the London tabs had little to show for their efforts except a few murmurs from Prince Charles ("Please darling, please darling"), some shots made immediately after he said, "Now I'm going to blow my nose for everyone to photograph," and huffily written stories of scary auto chases and photographers being roughed up by bodyguards.

The hunters and, presumably, the hunted went home in sour moods, in time to read *News of the World* headlines about Diana's supposed onrushing emotional breakdown. The story quoted University of Washington Psychiatrist Dr. Thomas Holmes as saying that Diana had an 80% chance of becoming ill. On his Holmes-Rahe scale, which rates such stressful occurrences as marriage (50), trouble with in-laws (29) and change of financial state (38), Diana scored "an alarming 417." This put her in peril, the doctor was quoted as saying, of ailments ranging from "a prolonged cold to an obsessive-compulsive disorder such as the need to see your shoes precisely arranged."

It was, perhaps, time to reflect on a comment by Lacey, one of the calmest and most benign of the journalists who write about the monarchy: "One must not reveal too much of the mystery because the royals have faults, dishonesties, nastinesses like anyone else. A lot of us happen to think that the illusions and idealization which surround this family is quite a healthy thing. Everyone needs vehicles for their social dreams."

The tabloids have a ready rebuttal to

this common sense, based on the scalding embarrassment that Fleet Street still feels about ignoring the love affair between Edward VIII and Wallis Simpson, which resulted in the King's abdication. The *Sun's* Arthur Edwards says that "never again" will the British press keep silent as they did in 1936. When Wallis Simpson waited for her divorce in Ipswich, the American papers ran the story. Fleet Street wasn't running it because the press barons had made a gentlemen's agreement with the King. "That was in fact censorship," says Edwards. But he also admits: "This is not a personal war against the palace press office. It is a question of what makes money. It's about circulation of papers. It's business."

Yes, indeed. At week's end business had taken Mauro Carraro and much of the rest of Fleet Street's merry band to Mayport, Fla. Why had they crowded into this unlikely outpost? It seemed that Prince Andrew's ship, the aircraft carrier *Invincible*, was tying up at the naval station there so that the crew could rest up a bit, maybe get a look at U.S. military procedure. Tell us another, the press was thinking. Was it coincidence that Saturday would be his 23rd birthday, and that—aha!—Koo's mother had a house in Venice, across the state? Hadn't Koo been spotted in New York City a few days before? Andrew fenced warily at a two-minute press conference the day before. No, he didn't have plans for the weekend, "and I wouldn't tell all of you if I did." And, no, he wouldn't buy the reporter drinks on his birthday.

Like most of the press capering, this was part of a strange, wistful, almost innocent quest for glimpses of beings about whose private selves, despite all of the lenses that have been trained on them, very little is known. Andrew and his royal relatives are well-subsidized, and perhaps should not complain about occasional aggro. Snatched photos and nonsensical stories do very little serious harm. Until, of course, they cross some unmarked line of intrusiveness and cruelty. It is not unreasonable to worry about the pressure of incessant press coverage on Diana, whose lack of the lifelong experience with public exposure that a born and bred royal would have has made her a special case. It is not foolish to point out that the monarchy would be damaged if Diana were hurt. "Yes, but what is she really like?" is a question that should not take precedence over all humane considerations of privacy. How to protect royal privacy is not at all certain. What is clear is that to Britons, the palace is no house of cards. Their Queen of Diamonds, Jack of Diamonds, and future King and Queen of Hearts are as solidly in place in public affection as were their forebears of a century ago, when Fleet Street minded its manners a little better. ***—By John Skow. Reported by Bonnie Angelo and Mary Cronin/London with other bureaus***

At the National Stadium, thousands of Jamaicans snap to attention for the Queen

The Royal Road Show Begins

In high style, H.R.H. pays a visit to the New World

The children's lilting voices rose in unison: "Dis long time gal me nevah see yah." Gilbert and Sullivan it was not, and the Gal the children were seeing and serenading was no ordinary dame but Elizabeth the Second, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland and of Her Other Realms and Territories Queen, Head of the Commonwealth, Defender of the Faith. At the crowded National Stadium in Kingston, Jamaica, a children's chorus a thousand strong was singing a Jamaican folk song that the Queen had requested. The occasion was a gala celebration of Jamaica's 21st birthday and of the arrival of the Queen on the first leg of her month-long royal gallivant.

The most traveled monarch in history (she has logged and sometimes slogged more than 750,000 miles since her coronation in 1953) is making her most extensive tour ever in the Northern Hemisphere. She is also taking up President Reagan's offer to come-on-over-and-see-us-some-time. It will be her first foray to the brave new world of California, where for weeks the glitterati have been jockeying for gilded invitations. Yes, she is pleased to get out of dreary, drizzly London and into the sunshine, but the royal purpose remains the same: to strengthen ties among friends and show her subjects that the Crown is not merely an abstract symbol, but a kind, imperturbable and tireless Gal whose role is to serve rather than rule.

First stop: Jamaica. Although this commonwealth nation is flirting with the idea of becoming a republic, the Queen showed that monarchy is still magical to its citizens. In the square of Montego Bay, the Cage, a historic brick structure that once held slaves, was covered with cheering Jamaicans, some twirling dazzlingly bright umbrellas for protection from the midday sun. Her days were spent, as they always are on these royal progresses, in walking about, smiling, shaking hands (Elizabeth offers only a demure three fingers) and murmuring pleasantries to all. As Queen of Jamaica, she also addressed Parliament. The speech, composed by Foreign Office gnomes, was hardly great oratory, but it was met with an awkward silence only because the assembled Members thought it might be bad form to applaud.

No slip-ups at the next stop, the Cayman Islands, the self-styled "world's No. 1 tax haven," with some 420 banks. Nearly a third of the island's 17,000 inhabitants, who pride themselves on their links to Mother England, came out to wave Union Jacks at the royal couple. But the Duke of Edinburgh, whose pet cause is the World Wild Life Fund, stole the show. On the windswept coast, he looked in on the world's first farm to breed the rare green turtle. Sporting a black tie festooned with tiny pandas, he left no doubt where he stood. "I'm on the side of the turtle," he said with a smile.

The Anglophiles who lined the route of the Queen's motorcade after she arrived in Mexico did

GREENWOOD—GAMMA—LIAISON

Clicking away in Jamaica

not care a shred for the buttoned-up English protocol of proper dress. Bare-bellied American and Canadian tourists in bathing suits and bikinis, their well-smeared bodies glistening in the sun and 85° heat, shouted as the royal pair, accompanied by Mexican President Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado, motored by en route to Acapulco. President De la Madrid was gracious and warm, and in their respective remarks, both the Queen and the President agreed to let bygones of the Falklands war be bygones.

It is this kind of diplomatic tightrope walking that is considered long before the Queen packs her traveling kit. Nearly a year before she gave her first royal wave (a sort of gentle, repeating karate chop with the hand slightly cupped), her schedule for the entire tour had been mapped out to the minute and the mouthful. Last November the Queen's press secretary, Michael Shea, walked every inch of the path that the Queen will tread during her tour. Everywhere she goes, the Queen is equipped with a precise tip sheet briefing her on names and issues to be either discussed or avoided

"Travel light" is not a royal maxim. The logistics of the Queen's retinue rival that of a small army. Her luggage alone is staggering: half a dozen stout leather trunks, hat- and shoeboxes, two queen-size 6-ft. wardrobes for ball gowns. No spiffy designer luggage for Her Majesty, but a motley array of well-worn pieces, some of them hand-me-downs like the slender parasol case inherited from her grandmother Queen Mary. An intricate system of labeling and cross-referencing keeps her voluminous wardrobe and matching accessories in order. The system is managed by her two dressers, provided with ironing boards, who stay busy pressing clothes to keep the royal raiment wrinkle-free.

The Queen never travels without cases of Malvern spring water from the hills of Worcestershire, a monogrammed electric kettle for the royal cup of China tea, her own kid lavatory seat and an attaché case filled with the homeopathic remedies that her granny reared her on. An ever present handbag (she would sooner go outside without shoes than leave it behind) is her security blanket: it gives her something to do with her hands and holds her glasses and makeup.

The royals travel in packs: the Queen's entourage numbers about 40, including the Duchess of Grafton, who is the senior lady in waiting; two other ladies in waiting who write polite thank-you notes, answer the telephone and pay for anything Her Majesty might fancy (the Queen never carries money—too unseemly); her private secretary, Sir Philip Moore, who supervises the handling of the Queen's "boxes," which contain state papers waiting for the royal cipher; and two Scotland Yard detectives. As for security, ever since the matutinal intruder in her chamber last summer, she sleeps with a small alarm next to her bed connected to the room of an alert royal page.

The Queen will cruise from La Paz to San Diego aboard her yacht, H.M.Y. *Britannia* is nothing less than a floating palace. At 412 ft. long, it is half the length of the *QE2*. It has the chintz-covered drawing room of a grand country house, a swimming pool, ballroom, chapel, theater and elegantly appointed bedroom suites—the Queen's with rosebud curtains, the Prince's in a more austere navy style. This ship is not for the frugal: it burns a ton of oil every seven miles. The ship's 26 officers and 254 crewmen all give their orders in stage whispers so as not to disturb the royal repose.

On their five-day cruise from Mexico, the Queen and Prince Philip will be resting up not for such ineffable California experiences as sunset over a traffic jam on the San Diego Freeway, but for a numbing schedule of dinners and plaque dedications. It is not easy being royal, but they can be expected to remain courteous and resolutely interested in the midst of celebrity crush and media uproar.

Next Sunday they will fly from San Diego to Palm Springs to have lunch at the desert estate of former U.S. Ambassador to Britain Walter Annenberg. In San Francisco, they will sip champagne while listening to Tony Bennett (a royal favorite) croon where he left his heart and Mary Martin trill *Getting to Know You* (which she already does). They will also make a side trip to the Reagan ranch, near Santa Barbara, for barbecue ribs and riding—English-style for the Queen and hopalong Ron, western for Nancy. The Queen and Philip will help the Reagans celebrate their 31st wedding anniversary with an elegant candlelit dinner for 56 aboard the *Britannia*

But the "biggie," as they say in Hollywood argot, will be the banquet for 500 thrown by Nancy Reagan. The dinner will be held at 20th Century-Fox on sound stage No. 9, recently vacated by the cast of *M*A*S*H* (*see* VIDEO). A western theme and a Main Street, U.S.A., motif were rejected as insufficiently classy. Instead the set will be decked out with bucolic backdrops and a large central fountain to give the atmosphere of a park. The dinner is considered informal. In California that can mean décolletage and gold chains for the men and metallic spandex pants for the women, so White House Social Secretary Muffie Brandon passed along subtle hints to the local press suggesting that long dresses and ties are more appropriate. The "old guard" will reign that night as Jimmy Stewart, Cary Grant and Frank Sinatra make up the Hollywood royalty in attendance.

The Queen and Prince Philip will spend much of their time on more serious excursions. Philip is fascinated by technology, and they will visit the Rockwell International plant in Los Angeles, where the Queen could take a giddy ride in the shuttle flight simulator. In Cupertino, unofficial capital of Silicon Valley, they will tour the Hewlett-Packard plant and watch white-suited workers make microchips. In San Diego, while the Queen peruses the Old Globe Theater, Philip will talk to the animals at the city's famed zoo. In order to ensure that the caged beasts growl for the Prince, their lunch that day will be postponed.

On their final weekend, March 5 through 7, the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh will journey "privately" to Yosemite National Park, where the royal entourage will take over the entire Ahwahnee Hotel (121 rooms) and allow photographers only one brief opportunity to take pictures. As they tramp through the woods and gaze at the mountains' majesty, they will finally get the chance to be the plucky and curious British tourists that they really are. —*By Richard Stengel. Reported by Mary Cronin with the Queen and Alessandra Stanley/Los Angeles*

The Queen and Mexican President Miguel de la Madrid toast stronger ties ahead

Showing her friends and subjects that the Crown is not merely an abstract symbol.

Expanding What Prints Can Do

Frank Stella's graphics take on the size and power of paintings

The American art world is full of young prodigies these days, none of them quite as convincing as its formerly young one, Frank Stella. It was in 1970 that Stella, at 33, became the youngest painter ever to be given a retrospective by New York City's Museum of Modern Art. To survive the envy and the scrutiny it brought, one needed the balance of a downhill racer, the skin of an alligator and the irony of Groucho Marx. Stella had all of these things.

A wiry Sicilian American, he had stepped out of Phillips Academy and Princeton into immediate notoriety through his "Black paintings" of 1958-60, symmetrical arrays of black stripes on a white ground. Though he had an unshakable faith in the idea that abstract painting was the mainstream of modern art, he kept on the move. Well before the prestige of minimalism as a historic style began to ebb, Stella was recomplicating his paintings, leading them with a dazzling display of neon, pearly and metallic colors, scribbling over the once sober surfaces with oil stick and grease pencil, and replacing their geometrical symmetries with fantastically wreathing curlicues, squiggles and French curves. It was as though the main theme of art in the past ten years—the move from silence to noise, from polemical emptiness to glutted fullness—had been written, ahead of time, in Stella's work.

This was also true of his prints. In the past few years Stella has emerged as one of the leading American *peintre-graveurs*—artists whose printmaking is an integral part of their work, not merely a pendant to it. A retrospective of Stella's prints, accompanied by a full catalogue by Art Historian Richard H. Axsom, is on view at New York City's Whitney Museum of American Art until mid-March; it then tours American museums through 1986. It shows, among other things, how a painter can go from mediocrity to real importance as a printmaker if, and only if, he gets the right help from the right people. Making prints is a collaborative art, and the job of a master printer is to show a painter what is possible.

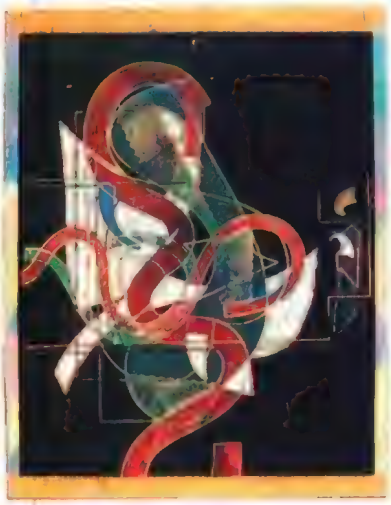
Stella started making prints in the late '60s, and if he had quit by, say, 1975, he would not have added much to the sum of American graphics. Most of his lithographs and screen prints until then were small versions of his paintings, done up to ten years after the event, without much sign of the fierce inquisitiveness he showed as a painter. To expand, he needed a larger technology—and got it from two printing firms, Gemini G.E.L. in Los Angeles and Tyler Graphics Ltd. in Bedford, N.Y.

Gemini was known for the obsessive, flawless precision of its printing. It encouraged Stella to make large images by using silk-screen or flat-bed lithography from metal plates—means that more "purist" printmakers, wedded to the nuances of stone lithography, tended to reject as commercially tainted. Stella began to push printmaking toward the scale of painting. The climax of this process was reached in an extraordinary series of prints he did with Tyler Graphics from 1980 onward.

The basic motif of these prints is racing circuits. The places the new prints are named after—Imola in Italy, Pergusa in Sicily, Talladega in Alabama—are all professional speed tracks; their plans, sinuous and flexing, are echoed in the serpentine calligraphy of the images. Naturally, though, they are much more than layout.

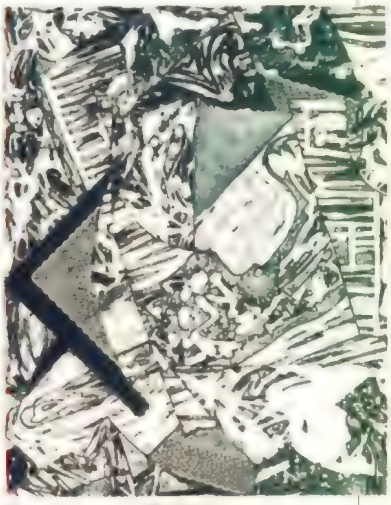
Stella's drawing, in a print like *Pergusa Three*, has a kind of wristy expansiveness; its loops and contours recall 1930 Picasso, as does Stella's elegant play with collage in the lacy patches within the curves. At times, as in *Talladega Three II*, the printed surface gets jammed to overload with baroque writhings: it is as though the space left between the wriggling planes of his relief paintings had been crushed down into two dimensions, flattened like a can on the road. Such prints take disorder to the edge of surfeit, the more so because they are so big—5½ ft. by 4 ft. of handmade paper. They have the size and power of painting, and much of its coloristic resonance.

Moreover, there is an interesting give-and-take between Stella's recent paintings and his prints. They cannibalize one another, in a way. His latest series, the black-and-white "Swan Engravings," is printed from etched magnesium sheets that include the offcuts from his huge metal-relief paintings. Butted together like a big collage, these fragments—some ready etched with existing textures, others reworked—provide an inordinately rich field of arcs and patterns. The conjunction of Stella and his master printer Kenneth Tyler promises to change everyone's sense of what printing can do. —*By Robert Hughes*



***Pergusa Three*, 1982**

***Talladega Three II*, 1982: flattened like a can on the road**



***Swan Engraving III*, 1982**

It's More you.

It's long.
It's slim.
It's elegant.

17 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

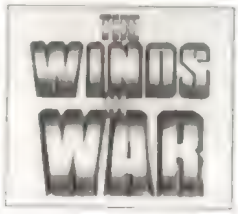
Olds Omega ES 2800.
Turn more than RPM's.
Turn some heads.
GM
Omega ES 2800.
There should be more to a high-performance car than a high-performance engine. That's the Olds point of view behind the Omega ES 2800. So besides an available high-output 2.8L V6, we offer you a sport exterior with black matte accents. Wide body side moldings. A wraparound bumper with integral air scoop. Special sport wheel covers. And inside, both a custom sport bench seat and sport steering wheel, standard. Omega ES 2800. Test drive one. And shock some people.
Oldsmobile
Have one built for you.
Let's get it together... buckle up.
Some Oldsmobiles are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries or affiliated companies worldwide. See your dealer for details.

Show Business

Wages of *War*

ABC *saga storms the ratings*

There was banner-headline boasting. "More people relived the war than fought in it," trumpeted the newspaper ad ABC took in seven newspapers and six trade papers to gloat over the ratings storm blown up by *The Winds of War*. The 18-hour, $40 million extravaganza averaged a 38.6 rating and a hefty 53 share of the audience, placing it close behind the 1977 *Roots*—also aired by ABC—as the highest-rated mini-series in television history. Said ABC President John Severino: "Absolutely sensational! We're elated!"



ABC also called *Winds* "the most watched program in television history." The network's research department estimated that the show, which ran in prime time over an eight-day period, reached an average of 32.15 million households, and that 140 million people watched "some segment" of the 18 hours. *Roots*, despite its higher ratings, reached an average of 32 million households and was watched by 135 million people. The inconsistency is explained by the fact that there were fewer TV households in America in 1977. Interestingly, no single episode of *Winds* placed in the 36 alltime highest-rated shows (a list that ranges from the *Who Shot J.R.?* segment of *Dallas* at the top to a 1964 episode of *The Beverly Hillbillies*). More people may have seen "some segment" of *Winds* simply because, at 18 hours compared with twelve for *Roots* and NBC's 1980 *Shōgun*, there was more of it on the air.

The other networks professed polite corporate pleasure at *Winds*' success. Says Susan Baerwald, NBC's vice president for mini-series: "*Winds* was a gamble for ABC, and I'm thrilled it paid off. It gives the mini-series another lease on life." NBC is cranking up 15 new mini-series. CBS is playing it conservative with only three, and ABC will admit to having only two in the works. One of them, the ten-hour *The Thorn Birds*, will air starting in late March.

ABC is similarly guarded about plans for filming Herman Wouk's *Winds* sequel, *War and Remembrance*. Says ABC Entertainment President Brandon Stoddard: "No decision has been made. The sequel would take from four to six years to produce, and that's a lot more than $40 million right there." One obstacle, at least, has been removed. Wouk's "reservations about moving ahead in that direction" have been put aside by the success of *Winds*. "I think *War and Remembrance* is a more powerful story," says Wouk, "but so far no network executives have approached me." ■

Jolly Oscar

Bright lights for awards night

Oscar has something to smile about. Not only did 1982 set a record for movie box-office grosses ($3.4 billion), but judging by the Academy Award nominations announced last week, it was a vintage year for pictures and performances as well. By and large, the nominated were both predictable and respectable. Three Best Picture nominees dominated the Academy's voting: Sir Richard Attenborough's epic *Gandhi* with eleven nominations; *Tootsie*, directed by Sydney Pollack, with ten; and Steven Spielberg's *E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial* with nine. (The other contenders for Best Picture: Sidney Lumet's *The Verdict* and Constantin Costa-Gavras' *Missing*.)

Kingsley

Lange

Jessica Lange's name cropped up twice, making her the only such double designee in 40 years. She is on the Best Supporting Actress ballot for *Tootsie* and on the one for Best Actress for her role in *Frances*. Her probable chief rival for the award as Best Actress will be Meryl Streep, nominated, as expected, for *Sophie's Choice*. Perhaps the strongest category is Best Actor, which this year promises a tight competition, free of Hollywood sentimentality and the tradition of awarding nominations to make up for past oversights. The nominees are Ben Kingsley in *Gandhi*, Paul Newman in *The Verdict*, Peter O'Toole in *My Favorite Year*, Jack Lemmon in *Missing* and Dustin Hoffman in *Tootsie*.

The list of nominees turned up a few surprises. Based on the seven nominations for Blake Edwards' *Victor/Victoria*, the Academy seems ready to forgive Edwards for his 1981 satire on Hollywood, *S.O.B.* And for the fifth spot in the Best Director category, the nominators picked a name virtually out of the blue—or, rather, out of the deep—Wolfgang Petersen, the young German film maker who directed *Das Boot*. ■

Milestones

ENGAGED. Herschel Walker, 20, Heisman Trophy–winning junior tailback at the University of Georgia who last week denied rumors that he would forsake the Bulldogs for a $16.5 million contract with the new United States Football League's New Jersey Generals; and **Cynthia DeAngelis,** 21, a Georgia business major from Cocoa Beach, Fla.; in Athens, Ga.

MARRIED. Jerry Lewis, 56, pratfalling prince of klutz currently appearing in Martin Scorsese's film *The King of Comedy*, and recuperating from a coronary bypass; and **Sandra Pitnick,** 32, who met Lewis four years ago when she got a dancing part in his movie *Hardly Working;* both for the second time; in Key Biscayne, Fla.

DIED. Charles G. Bluhdorn, 56, founder, chairman and chief executive officer of Gulf & Western Industries; of a heart attack; on a company jet en route from the Dominican Republic. Bluhdorn arrived in the U.S. from Vienna at 16 and in 1955 bought into the small Michigan Bumper Corp., which he merged and muscled into a huge conglomerate (auto parts to movies to zinc) with 1982 sales of $5.3 billion. "Sometimes I'm full of baloney," the blunt Bluhdorn once said. "But sometimes I have a good idea."

DIED. Lao Su, 57, infamous, elusive Chinese-born opium warlord of Southeast Asia's poppy-rich Golden Triangle; of gunshot wounds inflicted by a Thai border patrol as he was leading a heroin caravan out of his remote refineries in Burma.

DIED. Nathan S. Kline, 66, combative psychiatrist who pioneered in the use of pharmaceuticals to treat mental illness and helped introduce tranquilizers and antidepressants, especially lithium, to enable the mentally ill to live outside hospitals; during heart surgery; in New York City. Kline won Lasker Awards in 1957 and 1964, but the second was successfully challenged by an associate who claimed credit for the achievement.

DIED. Raymond Carlson, 76, editor of *Arizona Highways* magazine from 1938 to 1971, who transformed a house organ for road contractors into a beautifully produced showcase that attracted more than 400,000 subscribers from all 50 states and 110 foreign countries; in Scottsdale, Ariz.

DIED. Waldeck Rochet, 77, secretary-general of the French Communist Party from 1964 to 1972 who, by putting distance between the party and the Soviet Union, strengthened its appeal at the polls and rebuilt its shrunken membership; in Paris.

Video

Comrades in Korea: the original cast of Linville, Swit, Alda, Stevenson, Rogers, Christopher, Burghoff and Farr

M*A*S*H, You Were a Smash

After eleven years of daring good humor, TV's finest half-hour signs off

Letter sent from the 4077 Mobile Army Surgical Hospital based in Ouijongbu, Korea:

Dear Mom,

Well here I am in Korea. It's a long way from Ottumwa, Iowa, but then I guess it's a long way from everybody else's home town of the guys around here too. The only thing we're not far from is the front. Three miles down the road, the war is going full blast. It's our job to patch up the wounded and, the way they say it around here is, send them back to get wounded again. Actually, I don't do the patching. I'm kind of like what you might sort of call the company clerk, which is still a pretty good thing for an 18-year-old farm boy to be if he's gotta be here. They call me Radar on account of because I can sometimes figure out what somebody's gonna say before they say it—but you knew that already. Just about all the guys here are great, my boss Colonel Blake and the surgeons and even the nurses, they're great guys too. But I miss you, Mom. Enclosed I've put some of my pay, so you can keep up your electrolysis. Love to Uncle Ed and all the animals and especially to you.

Your son,
Walter

P.S. They say this war won't last long, Mom. I sure hope they're right.

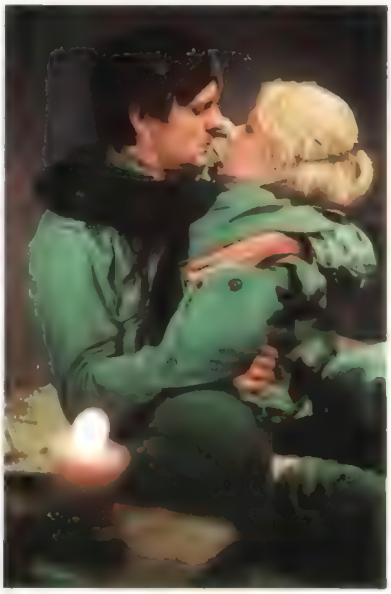
Stage 9 of the 20th Century-Fox studios in Los Angeles is dark. The backdrop of khaki-drab Korean hills and everything that might serve as inventory, booty or memento have disappeared. Gone are the tables, tubing, clamps and surgical gowns from O.R.; neither the blandly frazzled Lieut. Colonel Henry Blake (McLean Stevenson) nor the avuncular Colonel Sherman Potter (Harry Morgan) will preside any more over that surgeons' battlefield. In the mess hall, the serving trays and cigarette packs are missing; Corporal Klinger (Jamie Farr), the drag queen of 4077, will never again ask Father Mulcahy (William Christopher) to give absolution to the food. The officers' club has been stripped of its jukebox and banners; only the lingering perfume of Major Margaret ("Hot Lips") Houlihan (Loretta Swit) will drive the ghost of Major Frank Burns (Larry Linville) into rages of ecstasy. And in the most famous barracks since Stalag 17—Hawkeye Pierce's Swamp—the cots, footlockers, stove, framed pictures and even the distillery are gone. The giggles and groans of Trapper John (Wayne Rogers) and B.J. Hunnicut (Mike Farrell) and Charles Emerson Winchester III (David Ogden Stiers) are now distant, poignant echoes.

The wish that Corporal Radar O'Reilly (Gary Burghoff) made has come true. In real time, the Korean conflict was over in three years; in CBS's prime time, it lasted eleven increasingly popular years; in syndicated reruns, it has proved so successful that it could outlast the Hundred Years' War. By next Monday, when its 2½-hour send-off episode is aired (8:30 p.m. E.S.T.), *M*A*S*H* will have

The current cast, with replacements, left to right, Farrell, Stiers and Morgan

earned its stars as one of the funniest, most humane and formally adventurous shows ever to leave its mark on TV.

Some of its achievements can be measured in numbers. Since its debut Sept. 17, 1972, *M*A*S*H* has won 14 Emmys and 99 nominations. Its annual rating has climbed from 46th place to third this year (after *60 Minutes* and *Dallas*). In the same time, the show increased the going rate for a 30-second commercial from $30,000 to about $200,000 for a regular episode and, for the feature-length finale, $450,000, topping the rate of last month's Super Bowl by $50,000, to become the most expensive half-minute in TV history. In syndication, *M*A*S*H's* earnings already exceed $200 million, and keep on growing. There is a price for success, and Fox should be happy to pay it: a reported $5 million or so a year to Alan Alda, who anchored the show as Captain Hawkeye Pierce and wrote and directed many of the most memorable episodes in a series whose writing was often of the highest, hippest quality.



Hawkeye and Hot Lips in "Comrades in Arms"

No work of popular art can tap the money machine so deftly without touching a national pulse or nerve. *M*A*S*H*, a Viet Nam parable that hit the airwaves three months before the Christmas bombing of Hanoi, surely did so. Like the surgeons whose no-sweat heroism it celebrated, the series began by operating on the wounded American body politic with skill and daring good humor. For half an hour each week, hawk and dove could sit together in front of the TV set and agree: war is an existential hell to which some pretty fine people had been unfairly assigned; now they were doing their best to do good and get out. As the Viet Nam War staggered to a close and *M*A*S*H* generated the momentum any TV series needs to sustain its quality after the first few seasons, the show revealed itself as a gritty romance about the finest American instincts. Here were gruff pragmatism, technical ingenuity, grace under pressure, the saving perspective of wit. The men and women of 4077 MASH could be seen as us at our worst hour, finding the best part of ourselves.

A month after shooting their last scene, these men and women—the *M*A*S*H* actors, writers and producers—are emerging from an experience that for some of them amounted to an eleven-year blend of encounter therapy and bootcamp. "I'm totally exhausted and depressed," sighs Farr. Says Swit: "I feel as if I've never *not* done *M*A*S*H*." Ask them what the show was, what made it unique, and you get a jumble of answers and impressions. From Alda: "The audience made a pact with us. We could be as imaginative and exploratory as we wanted—black-and-white newsreel style for 'The Interview,' surrealist in 'Dreams,' shooting in actual time or covering a whole year in one episode—because they knew we would never be wanton with them." From Morgan, a veteran of eight TV series: "*M*A*S*H* was about helping people." From Stiers: "There was always laughter on the set. Maybe that reflected our sense of freedom and accomplishment." From Christopher, whose Father Mulcahy was the perpetual supporting player: "What was *M*A*S*H* about? It was about a chaplain in Korea."

Well, no. *M*A*S*H* was about doctors in Korea, and it drew from real life and death as faithfully as many documentaries. Larry Gelbart and Gene Reynolds, who developed the show for TV, talked with dozens of surgeons and nurses who had served in Korea; they even visited a Korean MASH base for more memories. Later, Burt Metcalfe, who took over as producer after Gelbart and Reynolds left, continued the tradition. "We've spoken to almost every doctor who was in Korea," Metcalfe claims. "At least 60% of the plots dealing with medical or military incidents were taken from real life." Says Reynolds: "These guys gave us details we never would have thought of. They kept us honest." Gelbart recalls one doctor's remark: "He said, 'In the winter it is so cold in the O.R. that when the surgeon cuts into a patient, steam rises from the body, and the surgeon will warm his hands over the open wound.' In the last show I wrote and directed, 'The Interview,' I had Father Mulcahy use those exact words when he was asked if the war had changed him."

Dear Dad,

A year in Korea and no end in sight. Last week we suffered a visitation by some brigadier general who tried to boost morale by telling us that we are bringing democracy to this green and peasant land. That was the most ridiculous thing I ever heard. I felt like telling His Belligerence that what this country needs is a good five-cent czar. My tentmate, Major Frank Burns, is even more amusing, if you get your laughs from psychotic paranoia complicated by a spine-wide streak of yellow. He thinks we're here to save Korea from the Koreans, and that when the war is over Seoul will be colonized by the Fort Wayne Kiwanis Club. I couldn't help breaking into a chorus of the Ethel Merman song "There's no vinism like chauvinism like no vinism I know."

I guess Frank is just the carrier. The disease, the bubonic plague, is knowing that our O.R. is just a three-day pass that wounded kids are given before being shipped back to the front. We knit and purl and offer kind words and jokes so bad even Milton Berle wouldn't steal them. For me, joking is therapeutic. It's the only way I have of opening my mouth without screaming.

Here I am babbling, Dad, and I know you brook no babble. But what can you expect of a barefoot surgeon from Crabapple Cove, Me.? I can't wait to come home, hug you and then log six or seven months' sleep.

Love,
Hawkeye

In the last scene to be shot, Hawkeye buries Klinger's dress in a time capsule

They were us in our worst hour, finding the best part of ourselves

Before it became a television series, *M*A*S*H* had been a mildly successful novel (1968) by Richard Hooker and a surprise hit movie (1970) directed by Robert Altman and written by Ring Lardner Jr. Most of the TV show's major characters were sketched in by the movie, but the tone was '50s frat house, and the emphasis was on the safety-valve sexual high jinks that the heroes perpetrated on some of their uptight colleagues. These droll humiliations would have been too raunchy for TV and too alienating for audiences in

search of a weekly identification figure. Enter Alan Alda, who was starring in films and TV movies without having hit it big and who was now ready for the right series. "In talking with Larry Gelbart and Gene Reynolds," Alda recalls, "I wanted to be sure that we weren't making an *Abbott & Costello Go to Korea*, using the war just as a straight line for the jokes. The war had to be a springboard for our best efforts, exploring the horror, not ignoring it." Everyone agreed that this would be, in Reynolds' words, "a different Hawkeye, more sensitive, compassionate and serious than in the film but, through Alan's lovely comic touch, an engaging man withal."

He proved to be something more than that. Like the hero of Fenimore Cooper's *Leatherstocking Tales*, this Hawkeye is an exemplar of the American democrat, the self-reliant nobleman of nature who trail-blazes into a wilderness of the spirit and emerges stronger and wiser. Alda's modern pathfinder is also very much a man of the mid-20th century: liberally educated and not reluctant to parade it, perversely triumphant in a milieu he blithely declares himself unfit to inhabit, japing and shambling after women, with a quip and an invisible cigar, like a Wasp Groucho. In later episodes, Hawkeye occasionally looked as if he were campaigning for canonization. But he could still bend, and come near breaking, whether in realizing he had a serious drinking problem or in surrendering to the inexplicable but powerful erotic appeal of his long-time nemesis, Hot Lips Houlihan.

Producers Gelbart, Metcalfe, Reynolds on last day of shooting

In the post-op of reruns, it may outlast the Hundred Years' War.

Every sitcom must have its bad guys, even as every war finds its black-market profiteers, body-count fanatics and suspicious spooks. *M*A*S*H* had its fair and flaky share, led by Frank Burns, the camp martinet. As Linville notes, Burns had "a mind that's obviously stripped its gears, and yet here he is standing over other human beings with a knife in his hand." At first, locked in a dead-end affair with Frank, Hot Lips was simply a stock shrew, an excellent nurse but a failure as a woman. She was also attracted despite herself to the antic Hawkeye and Trapper John, and Swit and the writers saw possibilities in that. "First she became unhappy with Frank," Swit recalls. "She realized there had to be something more in life for her. Then she started to talk about how lonely her position of authority made her feel. She was married and divorced, and she softened and hardened and grew from that experience. In the episode 'Comrades in Arms,' where she and Hawkeye are stranded and make love, both characters changed: they could never be true archrivals again."

In a superior TV comedy series, familiarity breeds regeneration. The actors become wedded to their characters and, like fond spouses, exchange idiosyncrasies. The writers learn more about the actors and incorporate the nuances into the story lines. *M*A*S*H* had another advantage, although at the time it must have seemed a daunting challenge. Four of the first season's eight regular cast members eventually left the show, and with each replacement the circle of community became tighter. In his rubber-limbed way, Stevenson's Colonel Blake had been as much a MASH misfit as Frank Burns: a suburban doctor reluctant to command, with a fisherman's wily patience and a heart of puppy chow. When Stevenson departed after the third season (his character was reported killed in an airplane crash in the Sea of Japan), Harry Morgan as Colonel Sherman Potter took over. A cavalryman in the first World War who turned medic and was Regular Army to his jodhpurs, Potter became the stern but sentimental father figure every MASHman needed 7,000 miles from home. Similarly, B.J. Hunnicut was an idealistic Marin County version of Trapper John, and Winchester, however smug he might appear to be about his old-money Bostonian lineage, was a Persian pussycat compared with Frank Burns. Each of these characters and actors fed the *M*A*S*H* organism without disrupting it. Each helped keep the show alive and healthy without breaking the circle.

After 251 episodes, 104 hours of enriching entertainment, *M*A*S*H* is preparing to complete the circle in a blaze of hype and hush-hush. In this week's episode (the last to be filmed), the 4077 troop buries a time capsule in anticipation of the war's end. For next week's 2½-hour finale, the company is maintaining a who-shot-J.R.-style secrecy in hope of snagging the highest single-show rating ever. "It's a very simple story," says Alda, who directed and helped write the final show. "The war comes to an end, and the stories of the lives of these people in this place are resolved." There are hints that Klinger will get married and Hawkeye will come close to a nervous breakdown. Beyond that, speculation turns to fancy. Will Radar or Frank or Trapper or even a resurrected Henry Blake return, in person or in flashback? Will everyone survive the armistice? Or will, as one waggish *M*A*S*H* watcher suggests, the 4077 be told that they have been literally in Korea for these eleven years, that it is now 1963 and time to re-up for Viet Nam?

Two things are certain. The first is that Potter, Klinger and Father Mulcahy will be reunited next season on CBS in *After M*A*S*H*, a series set in a Veterans hospital in the U.S., to be written by Gelbart and produced by Metcalfe. The second is that in the post-op of reruns, the members of the 4077 will continue indefinitely to act bonkers, save lives and refresh viewers' spirits. Radar will lose and find his Teddy bear and, maybe, lose his virginity. Klinger will show up in that cunning little chiffon number he bought in Seoul. Frank will fritter and whine and cluck like a chicken. B.J. will keep trying to prove he is *not* the most decent soul south of the 38th parallel. Winchester will open another picnic basket from Mater and savor caviar on a tongue depressor. Father Mulcahy will smile and sigh. Trapper will somehow keep his balance on that second-banana peel. Hot Lips will practice her yoga and do her nails. Henry will accidentally impale himself on a hypodermic needle. Hawkeye will wonder at the insanity of it all, and wonder too whether he is part of the problem or the solution. And Sherman Potter, who has seen it all before in other wars, will grimace like the Sphinx and let the vinegar flow all the way home.

Dear Mildred,

I'm sure you've heard, my dear. The war is over. Horse hockey-pucks! it took longer than I'd've thought. I sometimes wonder whether we're getting better at this sort of thing. The men of the 4077 would surely say we ought to get worse and then give it up. One of them called me—sit down and listen to this—"a tough, bandy-legged little mustang." Donkey doughnuts! That Winchester can get under my old hide. I guess all of them have, and I guess they'll stay there. When I came to this MASH *they looked like a strange new breed of soldier. Of course, they're really civilian doctors, and damn good ones too. I'm gonna miss them. Hey, Mother, what say we bring the whole lot of them over to the home for one last schnapps? It'd sure beat watching that thing you've been spending all your time with—what's it, television?*

Love forever,
Sherman

—By Richard Corliss.

Reported by Denise Worrell/Los Angeles

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Teaching a Century to See

STIEGLITZ: A MEMOIR/BIOGRAPHY
by Sue Davidson Lowe; Farrar, Straus & Giroux; 456 pages; $25.50
ALFRED STIEGLITZ: PHOTOGRAPHS & WRITINGS; *Callaway; 247 pages; $75*

Exactly a century ago, a young American studying engineering in Berlin paid $7.50 for his first camera. His name was Alfred Stieglitz, and the centennial of that impulsive purchase is worth celebrating. For in the intervening years, Stieglitz did more than anyone else to elevate photography from a curiosity or hobby to a respectable member of the visual arts. He did so both by example (his pictures were instantly recognized as transcendent) and by precept (he lectured, hectored and lobbied constantly on behalf of his crusade for the camera). He also established and ran galleries and magazines, and took up the task of forcing fellow Americans to look at 20th century art and like it.

The current flurry of commemoration attests to his success. An exhibit of Stieglitz photographs is now on display at the National Gallery of Art in Washington, D.C., and will travel later this year to New York City and Chicago. Those who cannot go to Stieglitz can bring Stieglitz to them. Two new books, one mostly words and the other chiefly pictures, offer a rounded portrait of an irascible, eccentric and authentic American genius.

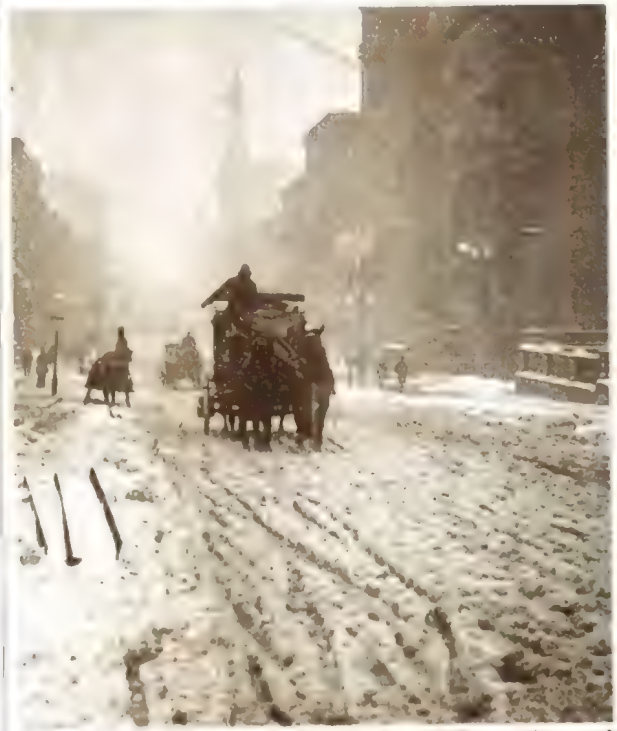
Stieglitz was born (1864) a year before Lincoln was assassinated and died (1946) a year after Hiroshima. The author of *Stieglitz: A Memoir/Biography* knew him only during the last 20 years of his life. But Sue Davidson Lowe is his grandniece and thus was privy, as she grew up, to glimpses of an artist that outsiders seldom saw. He was Uncle Al to her, an old gent who liked chocolate ice cream cones and miniature golf, and who used summers at the Stieglitz family compound in Lake George, N.Y., to relax and flirt innocently with young female relatives. She knew him as a character before she bumped into his legend: "It was not until 1932 or 1933, when I was ten or eleven years old, that I began to sense the deep respect in which he was held even by the artist and writer friends who visited him at Lake George; it would take considerably longer for me to learn that references to a world-wide reputation were not hyperbole."

Luckily, knowledge of his fame did not erase Lowe's impressions of the person. *Stieglitz* is as scholarly a production as anyone could wish, crammed with facts and trailing informative appendixes. It is also a loving and occasionally exasperated look at a contentious relative and the

Georgia O'Keeffe in 1918

Excerpt

"'Uncle Al?'
His eyes opened; a satyr's twinkle. His other hand grasped my knee. Nice firm leg, he said approvingly. Don't ever shave. No, you're not a child any more. Run along, or your grandmother will be scolding me again. Come again tomorrow."



***Winter, Fifth Avenue*, 1893, and *The Steerage*, 1907: becoming a professional photographer when there was, strictly speaking, no such job**

National Gallery of Art, Alfred Stieglitz Collection, 1980 © 1982

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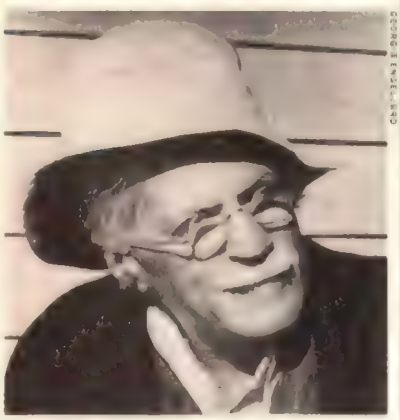
intimate circumstances that formed him. Stieglitz spent his life surrounded by family. When he was born, in Hoboken, N.J., he had already accumulated 32 first cousins. His parents, German immigrants grown wealthy in America, gave him five younger siblings, some of whom spent their lives wondering when Alfred would ever grow up. From his teens onward, when he was drawn to photography and modernism in painting and sculpture, the bourgeois he most wanted to *épater* were his closest kinfolk. Yet he was free to indulge in bohemian pursuits, secure in the knowledge that his family could, however grudgingly, afford him.

He became a professional photographer when there was, strictly speaking, no such job. In the 1890s he emerged as a leading practitioner and theorist of this new technology. He also entered into a socially acceptable marriage with a woman who had money and no interest in anything else. Escaping her presence and their stateroom during one Atlantic crossing, in 1907, he photographed *The Steerage*, a picture he correctly described as "perfect." By then he was embroiled in the controversies that would occupy much of his career. He battled with those who held photography in contempt, using his power as the editor of *Camera Work*, an influential quarterly, and his position as an art dealer as weapons. He also fought with other photographers who wondered angrily why he would not print or display work that he declared inadequate.



Alfred Stieglitz

Contributing an utter clarity of vision.

Lowe's biography underscores a point that has sometimes been forgotten: Stieglitz was a champion of photography but never its apologist. He was generous in the extreme to those who struck him as talented; his protégés included Edward Steichen and Ansel Adams. When he felt that his colleagues were not living up to their medium, however, he abandoned them and turned to new European painting and sculpture. At 291, his small gallery on Fifth Avenue, he staged one-man shows for Henri Rousseau and Picasso, the first either had received anywhere. He also introduced American gallerygoers to a *Who's Who* of modern artists, including Cézanne, Matisse, Rodin, Brancusi, Toulouse-Lautrec and Georgia O'Keeffe. Stieglitz's affair with O'Keeffe, 24 years his junior, broke up his marriage of 25 years and scandalized a few relatives at Lake George. The happy couple, who eventually married in 1924, made no secret of their sexual bond. Lowe recalls a dinner table memory shared with her older sister: "In my day . . . an occasional exchange of winks could trigger Georgia's blouse-unbuttoning sprint up the stairs and Alfred's laughing pursuit—and the red-faced elders' rush into conversation to stifle Peggy's and my childish questions." The photographer was then in his early 60s.

Stieglitz abounds with such remembrance, personal touches that fill in a public career. Lowe describes what it was like to be photographed by Stieglitz, a taskmaster who demanded poses of three or four minutes for a single exposure, giving the subject cramps and much time to observe: "The tall tripod, the large wooden box of the camera, the plates carefully inserted and removed, the delicate groan of the advancing and retreating lens as it was tuned into focus, the black muslin under which Uncle Alfred's head dived when at last he was ready, the wheeze of the shutter, and, finally, my reprieve." She also looks back with comic dismay to her visits to the last of Stieglitz's galleries, on Madison Avenue. There he would force her to examine pictures while he gave a running commentary to assembled adults: "See that child? She knows more about what you call Art than you'll know when you're a hundred."

For all his theorizing, the proof of Stieglitz's triumph still rests in his photographs. *Alfred Stieglitz: Photographs & Writings* offers 73 plates culled from the 1,600 works that O'Keeffe donated to the National Gallery of Art after Stieglitz's death. The reproductions are exquisite. The old master, who sometimes developed scores of prints from a single negative to produce one that he liked, could not fault the painstaking care devoted to this book. It contains *The Steerage* (1907), of course, and also *Winter, Fifth Avenue* (1893), an early work that helped make Stieglitz famous. Yet every page turns up a gem, an unforgettable image.

Stieglitz's works are deceptively simple, accomplishments theoretically available to any shutterbug with a decent camera. Yet his artistry lies precisely in this mistaken impression. His chief contribution to photography was the absolute clarity of his vision. He never fell back on gimmickry, never allowed ingenuity or cleverness to distort his focus. He looked steadily at people, places and things and allowed them to speak to the eyes of others. If his images seem familiar now, that is because Stieglitz taught this century to see them.

—By Paul Gray

Heart-Catching

THE MOONS OF JUPITER
by Alice Munro
Knopf; 233 pages; $12.95

Some writers have voices so distinctive that no matter how traditional the form they write in, the identity of the author can scarcely fail to be recognized after a brief passage. Alice Munro belongs in that rare company; from her naturalistic, classically composed short stories there rises a melodic line that catches at the heart with its freshness.

Munro's originality is all the more striking because her subject is ordinariness. The stories in this collection and in earlier volumes of fiction (*Lives of Girls and Women, Something I've Been Meaning to Tell You*) are situated in backwaters of Munro's native Canada, places from which any author might have fled long ago, literally and literarily. Instead, Munro still lives in Clinton, Ont., and, in her prose, dwells with contagious affection on the Saskatchewan plain and on the poky small towns and industrial cities of western Ontario. Hanratty, for instance, is "such a narrow place, crude without the compensations of the wilderness, cramped without any urban variety or life."

Alice Munro

Swift and telling characterizations.

Her characters are farmers, schoolteachers, librarians, telephone linemen. If one of them breaks out briefly from the boundaries of place and station, he—and particularly she—is usually fated to come back. In *Accident*, the would-be musician Frances returns to Hanratty, after a spell at a conservatory, to direct a high school glee club and play the organ in a church on Sunday. When she falls in love with a married science teacher, they can find no better places to make love than on the floor of the science supply closet.

Frances thinks nobody knows. "It is in imagining her affair to be a secret that Frances shows a lack of small-town instincts, a trust and recklessness she is unaware of; this is what people mean when

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Books

they say . . . she has been away . . . She has the outsider's quick movements, preoccupied look, high-pitched, urgent voice, the outsider's innocent way of supposing herself unobserved."

Nothing seems to happen in these stories, except in the ordinary way of plain people. Relatives from the city come to a small town for a visit with a cousin. Two brothers, seeking the old homestead where they were born, find that it has been uprooted to make way for a wildlife preserve. In a nursing home, two elderly widows who are lifelong friends become estranged, then reconciled. Still, only the surface of these characters may be viewed as plain. In her seemingly effortless prose style, Munro has etched portraits of people living underground dramas of high intensity.

Her characterizations are swift and telling. In *Bardon Bus*, for example, a young woman falls in love often and, like the heroine of Chekhov's *The Darling*, identifies herself completely with each successive man in her life. "She takes up a man and his story wholeheartedly. . . Next time you see her she'll be in deep, going to fortunetellers, slipping his name into every other sentence; with this mention of the name there will be a mushy sound to her voice . . . Then comes the onset of gloom, the doubts . . . She will get drunk, and sign up for rolfing, swim therapy, gymnastics. In none of this is she so exceptional. She does what women do."

Writing about ordinary life is hazardous; it may induce the boredom that is its subject. Munro defies the danger, and triumphs. —*By Patricia Blake*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. 2010: Odyssey Two, *Clarke (1 last week)*
2. Space, *Michener (2)*
3. Master of the Game, *Sheldon (3)*
4. Mistral's Daughter, *Krantz (5)*
5. The Valley of Horses, *Auel (4)*
6. Foundation's Edge, *Asimov (6)*
7. Floating Dragon, *Straub (7)*
8. Life, the Universe and Everything, *Adams (8)*
9. E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial Storybook, *Kotzwinkle*
10. The Winds of War, *Wouk*

NONFICTION

1. Jane Fonda's Workout Book, *Fonda (1)*
2. Megatrends, *Naisbitt (2)*
3. The One Minute Manager, *Blanchard and Johnson (3)*
4. In Search of Excellence, *Peters and Waterman (4)*
5. The Secret Kingdom, *Robertson (5)*
6. And More by Andy Rooney, *Rooney (8)*
7. Living, Loving and Learning, *Buscaglia (10)*
8. Weight Watchers Food Plan Diet Cookbook, *Nidetch (6)*
9. The Power of Money Dynamics, *Van Caspel*
10. Mary Ellen's Help Yourself Diet Plan, *Pinkham (7)*

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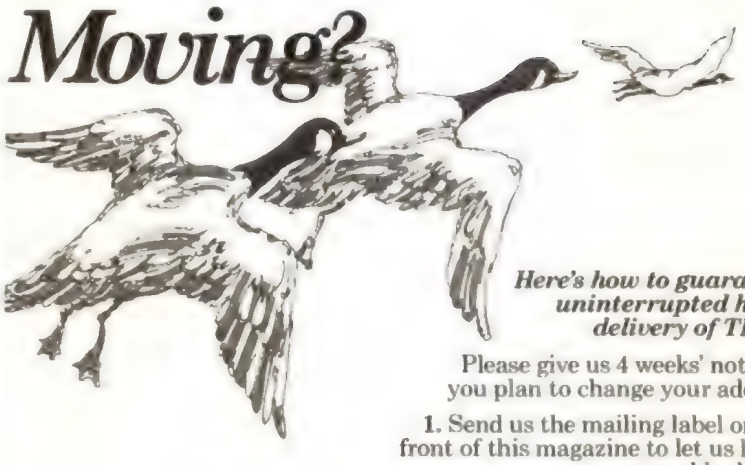

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The Reagan Brand on the Judiciary

His choices are white, male, conservative and solidly competent

Ronald Reagan has rarely written himself a better script. Faced with filling a vacancy on the U.S. Supreme Court, he named the high bench's first woman Justice: the capable, personable and conservative Sandra Day O'Connor. The President's backers were mostly delighted, and his critics were momentarily disarmed. At the midpoint of his term, the choice of O'Connor continues to control the public impression of Reagan's judicial nominations. With little public fanfare, he has appointed 88 other judges to life tenure on district and circuit courts—the federal trial and appeals bench. They, and other nominations to come, assure Reagan a potent legal legacy that some judiciary watchers find thrilling, others chilling. As a group, his choices very much wear the Reagan brand: they are mostly white, male and conservatively Republican. At the same time, as even some liberals admit, they are solidly competent.

During the 1980 campaign, Candidate Reagan inveighed against left-leaning activist judges and promised a dramatic change; his Republican platform called for the appointment of judges who would restore respect for "traditional family values and the sanctity of innocent human life." The ideological thrust so distressed a group of 61 practicing lawyers and law professors that they signed an advertisement urging Reagan's defeat because he was a threat to an "independent judiciary." Last week TIME completed a straw poll of the signers to see if they still believe as they did in 1980. Of those who were willing to record their opinion, the vast majority said they would sign the ad again, and most thought the Reagan choices were too "rigidly conservative." But only one-third thought that his judges were "significantly lower" in quality than those of President Carter.

In fact the ratings given Reagan's appointees by the tradition-minded American Bar Association are nearly the same as those given to Carter's. About 6% in each group got the highest ranking, "exceptionally well qualified"; while Carter named three judges who were found "not qualified," none of Reagan's has suffered that stigma. Says one Democratic aide on the Senate Judiciary Committee: "There have been some ultraconservative judges, but there has been an absence of real clinkers." (For brief profiles of three Reagan judges, see below.)

There has also been another glaring absence: new black faces. Reagan's sole black appointment is Appeals Court Judge Lawrence Pierce of New York, who was elevated from federal district court. Only two Hispanics have been appointed, and they serve in Puerto Rico. Four, including O'Connor, are women. (There are three more women and two Hispanics among 21 nominees now awaiting Senate confirmation.)

The Reagan record in this area is particularly distressing to many because of his predecessor's success at increasing the representation of those groups on the bench. Of Carter's 262 appointments, 15.3% were women, 14.5% were black and 6.1% were Hispanic. Jonathan Rose, an Assistant Attorney General, maintains that the country is paying for Carter's high percentages. "Some of those judges can't carry the load; some are weak in areas of the law," says Rose. "I'm not sure the aim of diversity is well served if quality is sacrificed at the same time."

That critique will scarcely calm angry minorities and women. "We knew darn well they weren't going to be appointing Hispanics in this Administration," says Arnold Torres, executive director of the League of United Latin American Citizens. Torres adds that his organization no longer bothers to lobby the White House on judicial choices. His anguish is shared by District of Columbia Superior Court Judge Gladys Kessler, head of the National Association of Women Judges. "The record is dismal," says Kessler. "We have some grave concerns about whether this Administration is really looking for women candidates." She also charges that potential female judges are being scrutinized more closely than males on their opposition to abortion.

"I wish she were right, but she is dead wrong," complains Dr. J.C. Willke, president of the National Right to Life Committee. The Administration is failing to emphasize nominees' views on the issue.

Robert Bork, 55, D.C. Circuit Court of Appeals: the man who fired Archibald Cox in the 1973 "Saturday Night Massacre" . . . former Yale professor and U.S. Solicitor General, the Government's lawyer in Supreme Court cases . . . strong believer in judicial restraint, who blasted the court's abortion decision as a "wholly unjustifiable usurpation of state legislative authority" . . . possible future high bench nominee.

Carol Mansmann, 40, district court in Pittsburgh: a professor at Duquesne, regarded as "gifted" and "indefatigable" . . . still teaches a course on sex discrimination one night a week and recently snapped at a lawyer for describing secretaries as "girls" . . . former board member of pro-life group . . . lack of broad experience overcome by her industry . . . writes careful opinions.

Hayden Head Jr., 38, district court in Corpus Christi, Texas: Reagan's youngest judge . . . used to practice with his father, a local political power and active Reaganite . . . described by one lawyer as "very strict with both sides, as distinguished from some judges who are strict only with one side" . . . recently fined two lawyers $100 each for arriving late in court . . . is expected to rise in the system.

he insists. "This is our greatest disappointment." But on other matters political and philosophical, the Reagan judges seem to be just what he promised voters two years ago.

It is as traditional as campaign buttons for Presidents to nominate like-minded judges, but Reagan has been unusually loyal to his party. Says University of Massachusetts Politics Professor Sheldon Goldman, a longtime student of appointments: "This Administration has selected a higher percentage of partisans than any since Woodrow Wilson's." Goldman calculates that Reagan has gone outside his party for only 2.9% of his district court appointments, compared with 4.5% for Jimmy Carter and 7.2% for Richard Nixon. One aspect of the political pattern has even the Administration upset, however. Under the longstanding system of "senatorial courtesy," the President generally fills vacancies from lists provided by Republican Senators. This is one reason for the heavy white, male tilt, say Administration officials. They recently passed the word to Senate leaders that the President wants more minorities and women among the proposed names.

Nonetheless, there is no desire to ease up on finding judges who will turn the tide against liberal activism. The President has reached into academia to sign up some of the most powerful proponents of conservative views. One is Richard Posner, 44, who was appointed to the Seventh Circuit Court of Appeals from the University of Chicago Law School. A champion of the free-market economic views of the Chicago school, he is a brilliant foe of much Government business regulation and of the nation's antitrust laws. To critics like Rob Warden, editor of *Chicago Lawyer*, "He's an intellectual bully. The other judges on the court are afraid of him." In one year on the job, Posner has written more opinions, often witty and concise, than some judges do in ten. Among Reagan's other star academic recruits to appeals courts: Ralph Winter, 47, of Yale Law School, a conservative expert in many legal areas; Antonin Scalia, 46, another Chicago law professor, who specialized in administrative law; as well as former Solicitor General Robert Bork, a longtime constitutional-law professor at Yale.

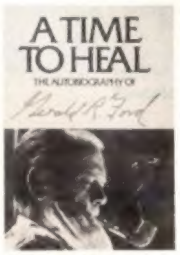
Such minds are among the least-known and most important assets of the Reagan revolution. His choices now account for less than one-seventh of the 656-judge federal bench. But if the current pace of judicial vacancies continues, he might be able to name more than half of the federal judiciary by the end of a second term. And he may also get to create his own majority in the Supreme Court, where five Justices are over 70, including its lone liberals, William Brennan and Thurgood Marshall. On the evidence to date, his choices will be firmly conservative, and worse yet for liberals, they will be good at it. —*By Bennett H. Beach. Reported by David S. Jackson/Washington*

Press

Stealing a Book Is Theft

A judge condemns the early exposure of the Ford memoirs

Books by ex-Presidents have become a lucrative business. Each of the past four occupants of the White House made more money writing his memoirs than he earned in salary while President. But some citizens, especially journalists, have objected to former high officials' profiting from their inside knowledge. Victor Navasky, editor of the 117-year-old leftist weekly the *Nation* (circ. 48,000), raised that argument, among others, in April 1979 to justify his printing a 2,250-word article on President Gerald R. Ford's pardon of President Nixon that was little more than a summary of a pirated copy of Ford's then unpublished memoir, *A Time to Heal*.



Hot news?

Navasky admitted that the *Nation* did no additional reporting, not even to check how much of what Ford revealed was new. Nonetheless, contended Navasky, "What we did was a journalistic coup, and perfectly legal." Last week in Manhattan, however, U.S. District Court Judge Richard Owen, ruling on a suit brought by Ford's publishers, Harper & Row and the Reader's Digest Association, concluded that the *Nation* had violated federal copyright law. Said Owen: "The *Nation* took what was essentially the heart of the book."

The decision had been eagerly awaited by legal scholars because it appeared to involve a clash between the right to literary ownership (copyright), which is provided for in Article I, Section 8 of the Constitution, and the First Amendment guarantee of a free press. Owen, however, held that much of what Navasky called "hot news" had long since been a matter of public record. Wrote the judge: "The 'revelations' of the Ford memoirs were not such news, 'hot' or otherwise, as to permit the use of . . . copyrighted material." Legal researchers generally endorsed Owen's decision, but several agreed with Columbia University Law Professor Benno Schmidt that it was "an excruciatingly close case." Said Schmidt: "If the law were reinterpreted to permit the maximum information to get to the public, the *Nation* would win." Navasky, unrepentant, agreed. Said he: "The court made a decision that intrudes on journalistic discretion, and we intend to appeal it."

Ford's publishers spent more than ten times as much on legal costs as they will recoup from the $12,500 award for damages. The sum that they were granted represents the fee that was lost when TIME, which had purchased first magazine publication rights, withdrew under a contractual provision after portions of the book appeared in the *Nation*. Owen suggested in his decision that only an "oversight" in the copyright law prevented him from awarding the publishers their legal costs. The publishers described the battle as one of principle. Said Brooks Thomas, president of Harper & Row: "This is a significant victory. It says that you cannot steal literary property merely by calling it news." ■

Mir Science

A Soviet-U.S. magazine

Even at the peak of détente, the Soviet Union reserved to itself the power of the press: no American general-circulation publication was ever translated and sold on newsstands to ordinary citizens. Last week, during an era of renewed East-West tension, that barrier was broken in a small way: Soviet officials distributed 20,000 copies of the first issue of *In the World of Science*, a Russian-language version of *Scientific American* (worldwide circ. 1 million in eight languages) that is being produced under a licensing agreement with Mir, a Moscow publishing house. Said Yevgeni Velikhov, vice president of the Soviet Academy of Sciences, in an introductory editorial: "This publication in the U.S.S.R. acquires special significance at this time of limited international cooperation."

First issue

The inaugural issue, the result of five years of discussions between the magazine's publisher, Gerard Piel, and Moscow officials, makes plain that editors in the U.S.S.R. will translate all articles and occasionally will include entirely new pieces by Soviet authors. More pointedly, notes Chief Editor Sergei Kapitsa, "we have the right, in consultation with the American editors, to remove any article of a given issue." Among taboo subjects: social and economic sciences and defense matters. The Soviet issue also excludes consumer advertising. The translation does, however, retain the original's colorful charts and photographs, thereby making it, at a hefty price by Moscow standards of two rubles (about $2.80), one of the handsomest magazines on the Soviet market. ■

Monumental Effort in Java

An international team helps salvage a Buddhist treasure

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Borobudur restored: seeking nirvana through ascending stages of enlightenment

The giant stepped pyramid rises eerily out of the lush rice fields of central Java, like some forbidden city in a sequel to *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. Bristling with statuary and turrets, the imposing edifice sits in stony silence in the gathering light of dawn. But this is not a Hollywood fantasy. It is Indonesia's Borobudur, the world's largest and probably most mysterious Buddhist monument, which will be rededicated this week as a national shrine and tourist attraction after being rescued from decades of neglect.

Built around 1,200 years ago, Borobudur (usually translated as "temple on the hill") is an architectural jewel that Historian Arnold Toynbee ranked as the equal of the Parthenon. Very little is known of the people who built and used it, or of the reasons it was permanently abandoned in 1006 after an earthquake and the eruption of the nearby Merapi volcano. Covered with some two miles of bas-reliefs that depict the life of Buddha and the sacred stories of Buddhism, Borobudur is a source of immense national pride to Indonesia, even though Islam is now the religion of more than 95% of its people.

Carved of gray-brown volcanic stone, Borobudur consists of a large platform, roughly 400 ft. on each side, surmounted by a wedding cake of five progressively smaller square terraces. These are topped by three circular layers. Crowning the entire structure is a bell-shaped stupa. Dozens of statues of Buddha line the balustrades on each level. Ancient Javanese architects, under Hindu influence, designed Borobudur as a model of the Mahayana Buddhist cosmos; the various levels represent the ascending stages of enlightenment that must be passed before nirvana, or spiritual freedom, is reached.

For some eight centuries, the site was overrun by tropical growth, shaken by quakes and lashed by monsoon rains. Still, when the British Lieutenant Governor of Java, Thomas Raffles, rediscovered the ruins in 1814, he was sufficiently impressed to order a cleanup of the stone pyramid. The Dutch, who regained Java from the British in 1816, continued the custodial work, which culminated in a major restoration after the turn of the century, but their well-meant efforts failed to stem continuing damage from tremors and poor drainage.

By the 1960s, Borobudur's foundation was so badly weakened that the entire structure was in danger of collapse. Some of the balustrades were listing as much as 11° because the artificial hill on which the temple sits had settled. Algae, fungi and lichens were eating away at porous stone, obliterating the exquisite carvings. An alarmed Indonesian government appealed to the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO) for international help to save the monument.

No other archaeological rescue of such magnitude had been attempted since UNESCO's raising of the Egyptian temple of Abu Simbel in 1966 to protect it from the floodwaters of the Aswan dam. Consultants from a variety of disciplines, from architecture to soil mechanics, concluded that halfway measures would no longer do; a major rebuilding had to be undertaken. To arrest the "stone cancer," as experts call it, the temple's entire middle section was removed, a job comparable to taking out the center of a layer cake without causing a collapse. With the help of a computer contributed by IBM, each of the 1,300,232 stones was catalogued, then cleaned and chemically treated before being returned to its place. Thousands of stones that had tumbled down over the years had to be fitted, like parts of a brobdingnagian jigsaw puzzle, into their proper niches. Even local mystics were consulted, along with the computer, to find where the stones belonged. (Sadly, 54 of the Buddha heads still have not been matched with 258 headless Buddha torsos.)

More important was ensuring the temple's structural integrity, continually threatened by Java's heavy rains. Under the leaning balustrades went reinforced concrete slabs. To prevent water from undermining the hill upon which Borobudur sits, the engineers installed hidden drainpipes to replace the gargoyle spouts provided by the ancients. Finally, gravel, tar, epoxy and lead were layered under the stones to protect them and the foundation from seepage. Says Indonesian Archaeologist Soekmono, 60, known among his countrymen as the Guardian of Borobudur: "The structure is engineered to last another 1,000 years."

POTTER—GAMMA/LIAISON

Buddha inside stupa; inset, site in 1907

The reconstruction took a decade of effort and cost $25 million. Located 30 miles from the Javanese city of Jogjakarta, Borobudur is eventually expected to attract several million visitors a year. At this week's ceremony, Indonesian officials, as well as representatives of UNESCO and 28 contributing nations and corporations, will gather at the temple for the local equivalent of a ribbon cutting. Even if the donors do not achieve nirvana as they climb Borobudur's refurbished steps, they can take pride in setting an example for all the world to emulate in the care of a noble relic of the distant past. —***By Frederic Golden. Reported by Sandra Burton/Jogjakarta***

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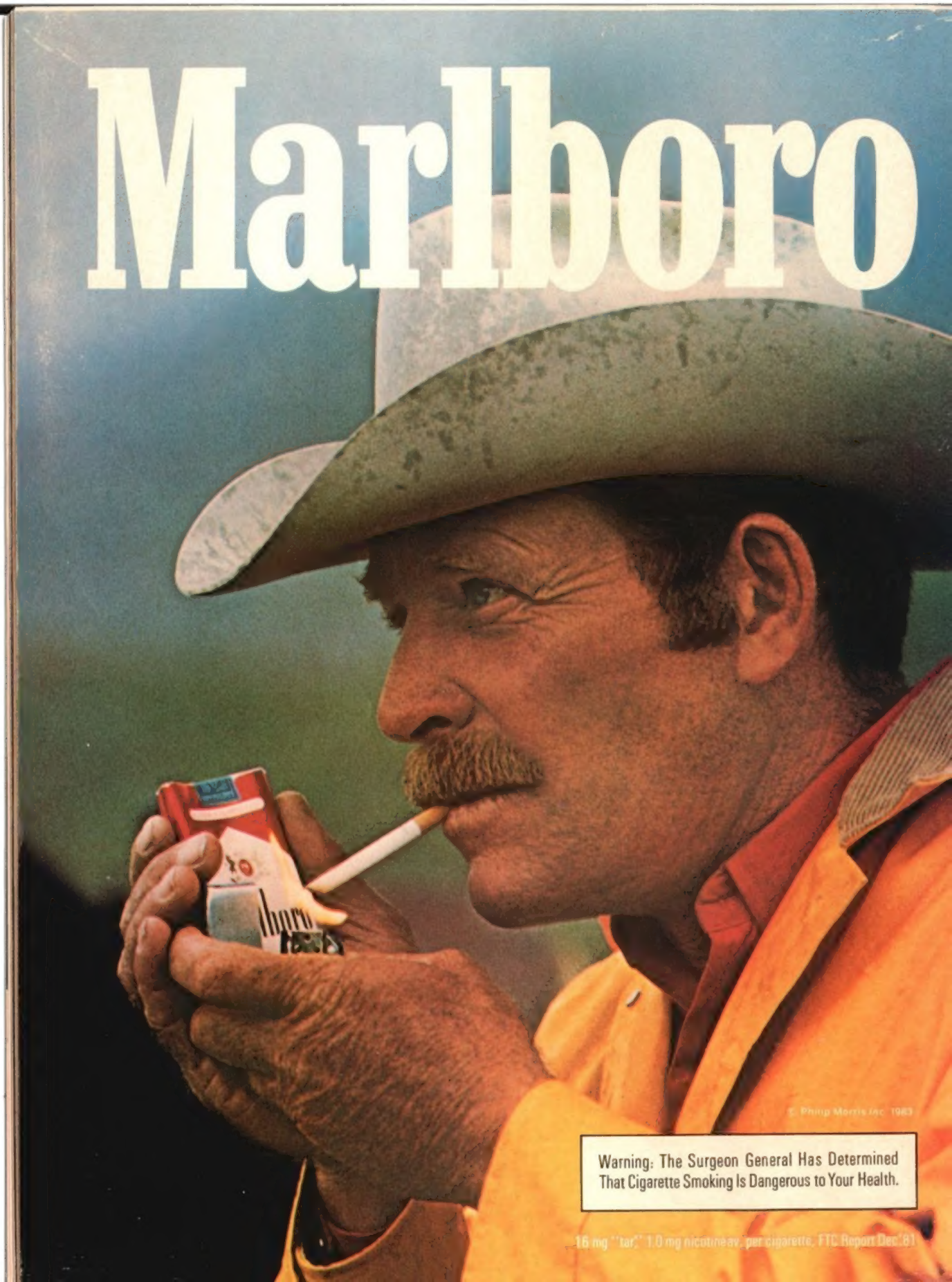
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